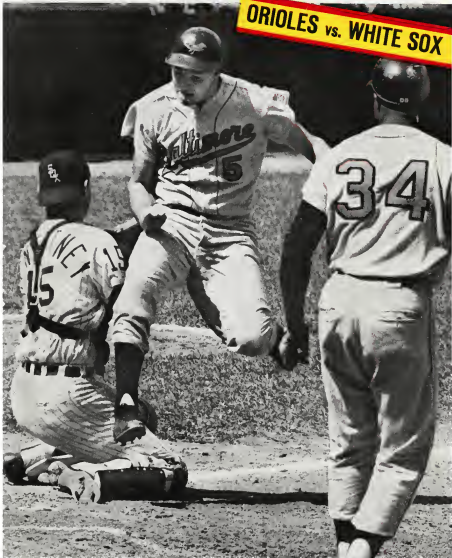


Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 31, 1964

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See him soon.



THE LOGO OF GENERAL TIRE

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Next week

THE PRO FOOTBALL ISSUE: Dollar signs dangle in profusion over the 1964 season. It will be by far the most prosperous for the NFL, and the AFL happily looks forward to 1965, when its lucrative TV contract takes effect. Suffering with the problems faced by Alie Sherman and his New York Giants, Tex Maule scouts the NFL and tells how each club shapes up. Edwin Shraik does the same for the AFL. Morton Shustek, Photographer Neil Lofler and Artist Robert Handville combine to show how the Green Bay Packers, best blocking team in football, go about their business. George (Walter Mitty) Plimpton plays quarterback for the Detroit Lions. Plus all of the regular weekly news reports and features.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Robert L. James



As any steady reader knows by now, this magazine is not against golf. But there are days, as you know and I know, when golf is against mankind and when a course that has been benevolent or at least neutral on other days becomes possessed by The Fiend. Two of our editors, after a day like that last summer, carried their psychic wounds to our art director, and the three of them then called into consultation one of America's foremost experts on agony and tension: illustrator Robert Osborn.

Artist **Osborn**, who is a smiling and fit 59 and startlingly free of tension furrows himself, listened sympathetically and agreed to paint the phenomenon under discussion—to be known hereafter as *When a Golf Course Turns on You*—as it has never, anywhere, been painted before. Bob Osborn's 10-page dissection, with moving case and symptom descriptions by Associate Editor Dan Jenkins, begins on page 36.

Before settling himself to his brushwork, Osborn took himself a short refresher by walking over the Yale University course in New Haven—not to single out that worthy course particularly but just to get the old Osborn feel of the worldwide golf situation again. A fellow who used to play 36 holes a day as an Oshkosh, Wis. teen-ager in the '20s, Osborn quit the game flat about the time he entered Yale. The solitude of trout streams, the poetry of the bullfight, a furious game of tennis, a golden fall day spent searching

through partridge covers near his home in Salisbury, Conn.—such things represent sport for Osborn nowadays. But he remembers his own schoolboy days as a golfer well enough.

"My swing left a lot to be desired," he recalled last week. "They used to keep a chiropractor at the Oshkosh Country Club just to get me out of particularly vicious ones." At our request, he took brush and paper and produced a fast sketch of himself in those days. (It appears above, next to the man himself as photographed by Mrs. Osborn, who manipulates the family Roliflexes.) Osborn also remembers that he was hit by ulcers in his teens, and that they got better after he gave up golf.

Over the last dozen years he has produced a flow of sardonic magazine drawings and four book-length satires: *War Is No Damn Good*, *Low and Inside*, *Osborn on Leisure* and *The Valgarious*. During World War II, in which he served with the rank of lieutenant commander in the Navy, he created for naval aviators more than 2,000 drawings featuring a bumbling character named Dilbert, who "taught so many men how not to fly." For Dilbert, Osborn won the Legion of Merit.

For his report on golf he expects no such expression of appreciation. His inner view is "really that the whole game emanates from some Scotsman's bad dream or joke." We submit that he was exactly the right artist for this week's golf printings.

Sports Illustrated

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- Reverence the countries listed on the coupon at right according to how you believe they will finish with respect to **was awarded** in the 1964 Summer Olympic Games. Base your standings on the total number of medals they will win. Only one medal credited to a country when a team rather than individual participants. All medals have equal value. **Also**—Predict the number of medals the U.S.A. will win in the 1964 Summer Olympic Games. In the 1960 Summer Olympic Games the U.S.A. won a total of 71 medals—36 gold, 23 silver and 14 bronze.
- Print answers on coupon at right, any entry blank from a Vaseline hair product carton or on plain paper with the words Olympic Contest Mail to Olympic Contest, Box 1064, Collingswood, New Jersey.
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- Winners will be notified by mail. List of winners will be on file at Collingswood-Ford's, Inc.



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by the U.S.
Olympic Team

TO: OLYMPIC CONTEST, BOX 1064 COLLINGSWOOD, NEW JERSEY

I have listed the order in which I believe the countries listed below will finish with respect to **was awarded** in the 1964 Summer Olympic Games.

Australia / Great Britain / Japan / Russia / U.S.A.

1 2 3 4 5

Also, I predict the number of medals the U.S.A. will win in the 1964 Summer Olympic Games as follows:

Gold Silver Bronze Total

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

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SCORECARD

TRAVESTY: PART II

While agents of the Department of Justice move about the American League quizzing team owners, it is becoming clear that opposition to the CBS purchase of the New York Yankees is much more profound than had been expected by those owners and baseball officials who so blandly acquiesced to it. Some National League owners, for example, are known to be bitter about the deal but are reluctant to discuss it on the ground that it is an American League matter.

Perhaps, but it is primarily a baseball matter. The leagues will hold meetings, separately, at World Series time, and the deal is then bound to be topic A. A certain informal interchange of comment between owners in the two organizations may be expected. It may even be possible—one hopes—that some American owners who voted for the deal originally in a hurry-up telephone-teletype poll will have second thoughts once the opposition has a chance, hitherto denied, to discuss it with them.

Certainly, the opposition has not quit. And, certainly, the National League must be permitted a say about anything that so deeply affects the game. The chances are it will, though it is now being discreet.

"You must remember that this does not become final until November 2," said Roy Hofheinz, owner of the Houston Colt .45s. "So we are going to await developments until after the American League meeting in September."

The right developments would make National League action unnecessary.

FOULED

If proof is needed that basketball coaches should not be permitted to pick the officials who serve the game, consider what has happened to Charley Eckman and Lou Bello, two of the most able officials in the Southern Conference and, for that matter, in all basketball. They have been fired, though not officially notified of it. Eckman, more widely known than Bello, had no difficulty in finding a new spot. He just quit the

whole college game and went back to the National Basketball Association. Bello is understandably bewildered. Last March he had been considered good enough to be selected by the Southern Conference as its representative referee in the NCAA championships.

It takes a two-thirds vote for the coaches of the Southern Conference to blackball an official, so that at least six of the nine conference coaches must have voted against these two. The votes are confidential, and therefore individual blame cannot be assessed. But it is clearly widespread.

What can be assessed is that college basketball needs to reevaluate its system of choosing officials, who should never be beholden to the teams that control their employment. Professional baseball understands the need for this precaution. Neither Yogi Berra nor Casey Stengel has a say in the selection of umpires in their respective leagues. If they did, they might be much more effective when they stand eyeball to eyeball with an umpire to jaw about a decision. The suspicion is that basketball coaches are quite often effective when they protest a decision. After all, they have the right to hire and fire.

DOG A LA TANDE

That was quite an uproar dog lovers raised when President Johnson lightly pulled the curs of Him and Her. But it was polite protest compared to what happened when the Reno Junior Chamber of Commerce announced that, to celebrate Nevada's centennial, a roast-dog feast would be held on the shores of Lake Tahoe. It was there, the Juniors pointed out, that Explorer John C. Fremont, who discovered Lake Tahoe, dined on an Indian mutton named Tiamath when the supply train failed to reach his party. It seemed appropriate to the RJCC that the historical event be reenacted.

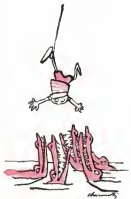
Response to the announcement was in large part unprintable, and lady dog lovers made hysterical telephone calls from all parts of the country. But the

Juniors were adamant in the cause of history. They refused to depart from their plans. The menu: roast jumbo hot dogs, sauerkraut, potatoes, fruit salad, apple pie and cheese.

DAYS OF REAL SPORT

After the parents of Laval McDonald had been soothed, other parents in Ocala, Fla. reached for the tranquilizers. A cruising policeman came upon Laval, who is 17, struggling along the street with an infuriated six-foot alligator in his arms. Laval had caught it in Tusca-willa Pond, using heavy linc, a tennis ball for a bobber and a five-inch hook baited with a perch. He was taking it home for a pet, but the police directed him to a reptile exhibit at Silver Springs.

A few days later, spurred by Laval's



success, other Ocala teen-agers were alligatoring at Tusca-willa. They had improved, so to speak, on Laval's technique. They were dangling younger boys in the dark waters of the pond in an attempt to lure gators within grabbing distance. Police arrived in time.

MONEY LISTENS

A new fad has been originated by the high-rolling, peripatetic Texas millionaires who own or have an interest in the Dallas Cowboys. If you are in some uncivilized part of the U.S. where Cowboy games are not carried on radio, just buy a station's time and have it broadcast to you.

Thus, Robert F. Thompson, an escapading Texas who is executive vice-pres-

ident of the Tecon Construction Co. in Cowboy Owner Clint Murchison's empire and is also a member of the team's board of directors, was in Santa Fe, N. Mex., a couple of weekends ago when the Cowboys were playing an exhibition game in Portland, Ore. Thompson forced the bill, and the game was aired in Santa Fe, which normally couldn't care less about such far-off doings.

Last week Murchison and his family (wife, three sons and daughter) were in the wilds of Montana on a back-to-nature camping trip. Mitchell Lewis, Murchison's public-relations man in Dallas, knew that the boss would be delighted if he could hear a broadcast of the Cowboy-Ram game from Portland. So he paid for the telephone-line charges (10¢ per air mile per hour) and bought three hours of time on the Bellings, Meent, radio station. The tab: \$563.26.

There was just one catch: How to get word to Murchison on the wads that the game would be on the air? The station agreed to run one-minute promotion commercials about the broadcast on the day of the game. But it balked at selling additional time for the message, "Attention, Clint Murchison, wherever you are. . . . The Bellings station's call letters are KOOK, but it has to draw the line somewhere. So the game went on with no one knowing whether Murchison got the message.

A FLAME IS LIGHTED

Yoshinori Sakaki, a freshman at Waseda University, has been chosen as the Olympic torchbearer who will light the flame at Tokyo National Stadium to begin the 1964 Games. The flame symbolizes, among other things, peace. Sakaki was born August 6, 1945, near Hiroshima. That day the atomic bomb was dropped.

GIRL WITH A GOAL

Track and field has become a way of life in Oregon—host the past three years to two NCAA national championships, the U.S. Track and Field Federation championships, the national AAU decathlon championships, the Oregon Invitational and the NCAA Western Regional Indoor championships.

World-class competitions have become commonplace there. But no world-record holder we ever heard of could claim this accomplishment: first in the two-mile, first in the mile, first in the half-mile and first in the quarter-mile, all in the same meet on the same afternoon.

The phenom is 8-year-old Teresa Lil-

continued



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SCORECARD *continued*

lard of The Dalles, who loves blue ribbons. During July alone she collected 12 of them, including the ones listed, in Portland All-Corners meets.

Forty-eight pounds of competitive spirit, Teresa has collected 21 blue ribbons this summer, running mostly against girls of her own age. But she has beaten older girls, too, and in one meet she ran against a field of boys. She won.

Some might consider four distance races in an afternoon a bit strenuous for an 8-year-old, but Teresa's family doctor approves. So does Teresa.

DEFENSIVE LOOPHOLE

Every year Frank Broyles, Arkansas football coach, pores over the new football rules with as much interest as a tax attorney searching for loopholes in the revised internal revenue code. Now Broyles's study of the 1964 rules has convinced him that jumping offside may be one of his Razorbacks' most gulfeful maneuvers this season.

"If you see us line up in punt formation and jump offside, don't worry," he reassured some Arkansas fans the other day. "The new rules provide for unlimited substitutions following a penalty. Say we have a fourth-down-and-three situation. We'll jump offside, take our five-yard penalty and then send in 11 defensive men, including a punter. It will be worth five yards to get those defenders in the game before we have to kick the ball."

FRANKLIN TO LINZ TO BERRA

The harmonica, which made front-page sports news last week, is a musical instrument much favored by athletes, soldiers and other traveling men because it is so compact. When the harmonica's progenitor appeared (from Asia) in central Europe in the middle of the 18th century, however, it was hardly that. It was a collection of beer glasses filled to varying heights and plinked delicately with sticks. When Benjamin Franklin, that ubiquitous genius, heard one in London, he came home and designed a compact affair, more easily transported and musically more true. He called it an "armonica." The H was prefixed later. It soon became an accepted orchestral piece. Mozart and Beethoven, among others, composed for it and, occasionally, these compositions are still performed.

It remained for an Englishman, Sir Charles Wheatstone, to devise in 1829

continued



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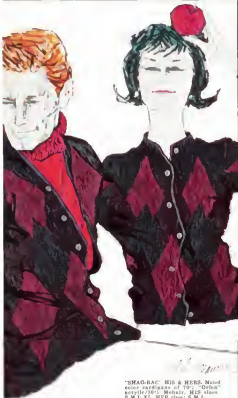
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*Duffner Reg. T.M.

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20 Fifth Prizes:

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Handy, sturdy golf carts

25 Seventh Prizes:

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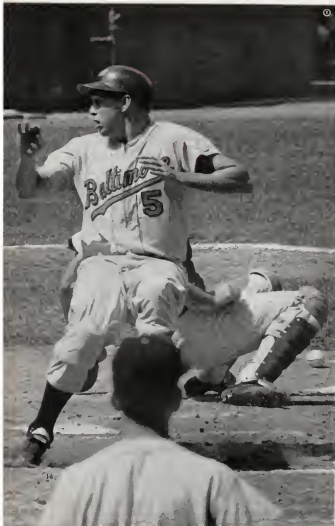
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THEY WENT AND GOT 'EM



HERB SCHARFMAN

Three weeks ago the Yankees were leading the American League and, as Yogi Berra put it, the Orioles and White Sox would 'have to come and get us.' They did, but good, and pushed New York into third place. Now Baltimore and Chicago are going at it ferociously in their last clashes of the season

by WILLIAM LEGGETT



Brooks Robinson is a terror on the base paths as well as Baltimore's best clutch hitter and fielder. On third base in the second game with Chicago last week he broke for home after a fly to short right field. The throw from Mike Hershberger to White Sox Catcher

Gerry McNertney was true and Robinson appeared to be out by 75 feet. But he skinned into McNertney (see cover) full tilt and the catcher could not hold the ball (1). Robinson recovered (2, 3) after overrunning home and scrambled back to beat McNertney (4, 5).

CONTINUED

AFTER THE ROUND ROBIN: ONE DOWN

It was a little before midnight in Chicago, on Tuesday of last week, when Yogi Berra, the rookie manager of the New York Yankees, entered a small, dark cafe and took a table alone in the far corner of the room. An hour earlier Berra had watched his team lose a tense 10-inning game to the Chicago White Sox after leading 3-0 until the bottom of the eighth. The Yankee loss was the 10th in 16 games and pushed them deeper into third place, four games away from the league lead. Berra ordered a bottle of ale, and as the waitress went to get it he put his elbows on the table, bowed his head and brought his clenched fists up to cover his eyes.

Suddenly the piano player began to sing a variation on a haunting lyric—"Sit there and count your little fingers.

What can you do? You know it's through. A bad day, a tough day for little boy blue." Nearly everyone in the room was looking at Berra, but Berra did not look up.

On a warm, pleasant Friday evening less than two weeks earlier, Berra had strolled happily across the thick green clubhouse carpet in Yankee Stadium with his team leading the league by .004 percentage points. He had gone to his office, put on his fresh white uniform with the dark-blue pinstripes and looked down at a desk memento, a \$3 bill with his picture on it and the slogan, "What, me worry?" He had pointed to the schedule above the desk and put his stubby index finger on the date, August 7. "Between tonight and August 30," he said then, "a lot will be decided about this

year's pennant race. We play Baltimore seven times and Chicago eight times. Baltimore plays Chicago eight times. Then none of us plays each other again. But we're in first now, and Baltimore and Chicago have got to come and get us."

By the end of last week both Baltimore and Chicago had come and gotten the Yankees, beating them in 10 of 15 games and leaving them groggy in third place, five games behind. This done, the Orioles and White Sox turned on each other. The Sox had a half-game lead when the two teams met last weekend in Chicago in a four-game series.

It was a series Chicago could have done without. Baltimore won the first two games 4-2, Brooks Robinson hitting home runs in each, the second to win the game in the ninth inning. Shaken, the White Sox lost the first game on Sunday, but rallied to win the second and avert the disaster of a sweep. Even so, the Orioles had regained first place and led by a game and a half.

But game-and-a-half leads are hardly conclusive—the Orioles led the White Sox by three games just a week before—and the White Sox will get another crack at the Orioles this weekend. Some 135,000 people will show up at Memorial Stadium to watch the two teams play for the last time, thus boosting the total audience that will have seen this round robin to 800,000 in 19 dates. These large crowds, drawn by the first authentic three-team pennant chase in the American League since 1960, will have spent nearly \$3½ million for tickets, parking and concession items.

The stresses of the past three weeks have had bare the enduring strengths and irreparable weaknesses of the three teams, for it is virtually too late for major changes in personnel or playing style. The New York Yankees are a troubled team. They are waiting for something big and good to happen to them as it has over so many winning years in the past. But something big is not apt to come along, just as it did not on the very first night of the round robin, August 7. Norm Siebern of the Orioles hit a pop fly down the right-field line with a runner on base, and three Yankees watched it drop. It was the type of play that the Yankees are supposed to make blindfolded, but they did not and it led to a run. That run held up for seven innings while the big electric scoreboard in right center field kept trying to lure

Stoney-faced Berra brings in Dick Hall (29) in game with Sox. Hall held, and the Orioles won.



people to the Stadium and to make those that were there happy. "Welcome Fire Co. No. 1 of Union Beach, N.J.," said the board, "Welcome Star of the Sea Council 371 Bayonne, N.J." The Yankees will put anything on that board this year: a man with a two-chair barbershop can get a lot of free advertising by buying a ticket to Yankee Stadium.

The eighth inning told a little bit more about the Yankees, more than the fact that they are not fielding the way they are supposed to. Bill Stafford came in to relieve after Yogi Berra had sent Phil Linz up to pinch-hit in the bottom of the seventh with a runner on first and two outs. Once upon a time when the Yankees were behind by a run with a man on base they sent up a pinch hitter like Moe, Blanchard or Berra himself, and he would hit one into the right-field seats for a Yankee win. Linz struck out. However, the Yankees were still in the game until Stafford got to the mound. He threw one pitch to Jerry Adair and the ball went into the left-field seats. Baltimore led 2-0. Harvey Haddix held the Yankees in the eighth and ninth and Baltimore won. New York had lost a big ball game because its power hitters could not produce, its two pinch hitters struck out, and the relief pitching could not hold. The team fell from first place in the first skirmish of the war.

The Orioles beat the Yankees three out of four, but New York went on to a four-game split against Chicago and then beat Baltimore two out of three. In Chicago last week, however, the Yanks lost four in a row while playing extremely poor ball. In the first game they made two errors, and the deciding run was set up when Whitey Ford picked Floyd Robinson off first base—or tried to. As Robinson danced in the rundown, Phil Linz hit Robinson with a throw, but when Robinson raced to second he found Bobby Richardson waiting there for him with the ball. Robinson kicked the ball out of Richardson's glove, and later he scored on a line single by Pete Ward.

When the Yankees started to rally in the eighth Al Lopez called Hoyt Wilhelm from the bullpen. As Wilhelm approaches the mound in Chicago, the stadium organist plays the theme from *Mede*. This year Wilhelm has saved 17 games for the Sox and won six others. He promptly set down five Yankees in a row to end the game. Wilhelm and Ed-

die Fisher (the organist plays *The Most Beautiful Girl in the World* when Fisher comes in) give the White Sox two excellent knuckle-ball relievers. Wilhelm tucks his head into his left shoulder when he works, because he has a lazy muscle in his right eye and when he holds his head straight he sees double. "I could wear glasses and see all right," he says, "but I don't want to use glasses when I'm pitching."

After the Yankees lost the final game in Chicago, the now-famous harmonica incident occurred on the bus taking them to the airport for a chartered flight to Boston. Phil Linz, the reserve infielder who has established himself as the Yankee clubhouse wit, took out a harmonica and played a few notes of *Mari Had a Little Lamb*. Berra shouted at Linz, "Stuff that harmonica," but Linz played a few more notes, and Berra came down the aisle of the bus, enraged. Linz

flipped the harmonica into the air, and Berra slapped it down. "What are you getting on me for?" asked Linz. "I give 100% all the time." Unmollified, Berra shouted, "You'd think you had just won the series instead of losing it." Frank Crosetti, the third-base coach, started to yell at Linz, and Linz told Crosetti to mind his own business. Phil Linz does not know how to play the harmonica. He went out one day in Chicago and bought it, and Tony Kubek, Bobby Richardson and Clete Boyer hought harmonicas, too. This was one of the more eventful bus rides in Yankee history, but it cost Phil Linz a \$200 fine, and Berra kept him out of the Yankee starting lineup for four straight games.

(Another bus ride may have had a marked effect on the pennant race. On the night of May 14 a busload of Orioles pulled out of Washington after a 4-1 loss to the Senators. The defeat put

continued

On Saturday Orioles Sam Bowens and Earl Robinson cheered fly ball. Bowens (on back) got it



the Orioles into fourth place at the time, a game out of the league lead. Hank Bauer heard some singing and laughter in the back of the bus, and he let his team have it. "Losers don't sing as long as I'm around," said Bauer, and then he said a few other—stronger—things. The Orioles won 17 of their next 23 games.)

Baltimore has been winning games all season that it probably should have lost: 14 of the team's first 77 victories were achieved in its last time at bat, and it has won an amazing 29 of 39 one-run decisions. Once considered the playboys of the western world, the Orioles are now the idols of the Eastern Shore, and

Bauer deserves a great deal of the credit. He has handled his pitchers especially well, somehow keeping their confidence while taking them out quickly when they get into trouble. "A couple of times early this year," he says, "I let myself get talked into going along with a guy, but before I got my foot back on the top step of the dugout I heard the awful sound of a hit. That stopped that." Bauer dashes to the runway between innings for a smoke to settle his nerves, but he has gambled effectively time and time again to win tight games. "I know," he says, "I have a face like a clenched fist, but that's not all there is to managing. These

guys believe they can win, and I think they can."

The Oriole manager wanted Yogi Berra to be its manager this year, but Berra refused. Eddie Stanky was then asked, but he said no also, and Bauer, who had been a coach last year under Billy Hitchcock, was next in line. Bauer knew if he could get a good, full year from Third Baseman Brooks Robinson and a good year from Second Baseman Jerry Adair to go with good pitching, Baltimore could be a contender. Adair's batting average is up 30 points over 1963, but Robinson and the recently injured Boog Powell have been the key hitters.

HOW THE YANKEES LOST THOSE SIX STRAIGHT GAMES

After losing four in Chicago, the Yanks went to Boston and dropped two more last weekend. The reasons were the same as those revealed in their big game in New York on August 7. Weakness No. 1: the

power hitters did not hit. Weakness No. 2: the relief pitching was inadequate when Berra dared to use it. Weakness No. 3: the power hitters were worse than the regulars when Yogi dared to use them

1 Weakness No. 1—three singles and a double were the extent of the Yankee attack—and a rare error by Second Baseman Bobby Richardson that led to Chicago's winning run nullified some good pitching, both starting and relieving, by Ralph Terry, Whitey Ford and Pete Mikkelsen. After Richardson's error put the White Sox ahead 2-0 in the seventh inning, the Yankees came back with a run in the eighth but might have had a bigger inning if Manager Yogi Berra had a stronger bench. With a man on first and no outs, he called on his best pinch hitter, Mickey Mantle, who had not played because of an injured left knee. Mantle hobbled to the plate and weakly popped out. Charge this game to puny hitting by the regulars and a lack of reserve power.

2 All three major weaknesses contributed to this 4-3 loss to the White Sox in 10 innings. New York actually led 3-0 at the end of seven. It was the 16th time this season that the Yankees have lost a game af-

ter leading in the sixth inning or later, a sharp indictment of the bullpen. Starter Al Downing was fast for seven innings, during which he gave up only two hits. He began to tire noticeably in the eighth when he served up a three-run homer to tie the score, and he finally lost the game in the 10th when he allowed three line-drive singles. Berra showed his disdain for his bullpen when he let his starting pitcher bat for himself at the start of the 10th inning. Downing, of course, went out quickly, as did the Yankee nonhitters after him. Charge this game to weaknesses No. 2 and No. 3, especially No. 2.

3 The strong New York defense, so far the only thing left that reminded fans of bygone Yankee teams, finally succumbed, too. Four unearned runs, on three critical errors, were thrust upon the White Sox, and that was all they needed to win 4-2. After Starter Jim Bouton had made the first two errors on the same play for Chicago's first two unearned runs, Clete Boy-

er missed a tag-out at third to load the bases for the White Sox. Bouton then walked Jim Landis, pushing in the winning run, and Reliever Mikkelsen allowed a long sacrifice fly to send in the insurance run. The Yankees could muster only eight scattered hits, six of them singles. Charge this game to surprisingly poor defense, light hitting and, once again, inadequate relief.

4 Weakness No. 1 was the culprit again as Chicago's Johnny Buzhardt shut out the Yankees 5-0, allowing seven singles. When Berra gazed at his bench in the late innings he saw Phil Linz and Archie Moore, a pleasant youngster who makes a living with the Yankees as a pinch runner. Both were used as pinch hitters, and both were quick outs. The game itself was lost in the first four innings when Whitey Ford faced 19 men and gave up nine singles and all the Sox runs.

5 Weakness No. 1 was glaringly underlined as the Yan-

kees faced an ordinary Red Sox pitcher named Bob Jeffner, winner of but five games all season, and got only six hits, all of them singles, and no runs. The relief pitching was also shoddy, but that did not matter too much this time. After Ralph Terry left the game at the end of the sixth inning with the score 3-0, Reliever Stan Williams insured the Yankee defeat by giving up a grand slam home run in a final 7-0 Boston victory.

6 The Yankees almost got away with a minimum of hitting, but poor pitching, both starting and relieving, finally did them in. They led the Red Sox 3-2 at the end of seven and a half innings by making five hits go a long way. In the bottom of the eighth, Al Downing tossed a fat home run pitch with a man on base, and the Sox went ahead 4-3. After Downing walked the next batter, Mikkelsen came on in relief and forced in a run on three straight bases on balls. Charge this game to mediocre hitting and awful relieving.

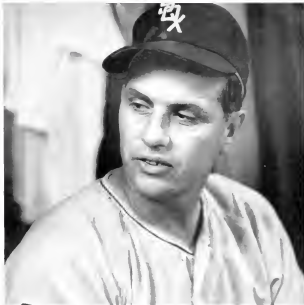
This year Robinson has special incentive for a better second half of the season than last year's, when he hit only .219 after the All-Star break. In July he read a story that quoted Berra as saying the Orioles would slip if Robinson tailed off the way he had so often in the past, Robinson says. "I read that story three or four times, and it didn't make me violent or anything, but I just keep remembering it." He was the hitting star of the first part of the round robin, driving in 19 of the 58 runs that the Orioles scored.

If the race comes down to Baltimore and Chicago after this week's series, every game will still be important to both teams as they meet the rest of the league. Baltimore must get Powell back into the lineup as quickly as possible or suffer against right-handed pitching. Without Powell, Robinson and rookie Sam Brown will have a hefty offensive load to carry. The Orioles have a fine bullpen, but the starters are not overpowering, the White Sox have a fine bullpen, and the starters are overpowering. Chicago may not hit in the clutch very often, but it has the best pitching staff in the league.

The man who probably will play a decisive role in the final weeks of the season is Gary Peters, the 27-year-old White Sox left-hander. Peters is an excellent hitter on a pitching staff of good hitters. Lopez uses him and Juan Pizarro as pinch hitters regularly. Peters does everything to help the White Sox. He warms up the batting-practice pitchers, he catches the balls for the coaches hitting grounders to the infielders, and one night he stunned an attendant by scrubbing up the sinks in the clubhouse after a game. Peters got to the major leagues late, some say because he was more interested in making boomerangs than pitching, but he was Rookie of the Year last season and he was 14-3 from the middle of July to the end of the year.

Failure to hit with men on base still plagues Chicago, though Pete Ward and Floyd Robinson, at least, have begun to connect when it counts. If Moose Skowron also begins to demonstrate why he was acquired from Washington—namely, to worry left-handed pitching—then the White Sox will be in contention all the way.

END



Rebbers playing decisive roles are Chicago's Wilhelm (top) and Baltimore's Haddix. Wilhelm has won 6, saved 11; Haddix, 5 and 6

THE SPECTACULAR PLAYGROUND IN TOKYO'S BACKYARD

Its formal name is Fuji-Hakone-Izu, but American tourists refer to it simply as Hakone. One of the most beautiful national parks in Japan, Hakone is really huge—365 square miles—and it encompasses, along with famous Mt. Fuji (right), lakes, meadows, woodland glades, riding paths, hot spring baths and golf courses (six of them). The spectacular view of Fuji and the national love of the bath have made Hakone so popular with the Japanese that this summer 15 million people are expected to visit there. Located in the park are nine Western-style hotels, including the charming old Fujiya, built in 1878, the first Western hotel in Japan. There are also 244 Japanese inns at Hakone, all of them ordinarily booked solid to their 22,000-bed capacity. But, curiously, there are still plenty of rooms available for the Olympic Games this fall. Two years ago Japan's transportation ministry ordered Hakone hoteliers to reserve 590 rooms for overseas Olympic visitors. Because most foreigners evidently prefer Tokyo, many of Hakone's rooms are unspoken for. The park is only a little more than an hour from Tokyo by Japan's high-speed trains, and it thus offers the tourist a pleasant combination of city excitement and rural tranquility.

CONTINUED





HAKONE *continued*

The national park system of Japan was late getting started. Though the first park was established in 1894, most of the development has taken place since 1945. The result is that public and private lands are confusingly intermingled. There are 18 parks in the system—which ranges from the northern island of Hokkaido to Kyushu in the south—but Hakone itself draws one-third of all the country's park visitors. Besides play and stay facilities, Hakone has

ancient shrines, villages unchanged for centuries, woodchoppers' huts hidden in the woods, dust over the hill and down by the sea are the honky-tonks of Atami, a sort of neon-lighted hot springs and hot spot. But there is little of the noisy, commercialized life in Hakone. Tourists prefer to climb Fuji, taking seven to nine hours to reach the 12,389-foot summit. For those who would rather ride than climb, there are railways and cable cars strung from hill to



hill. One, the world's largest cable car, takes 101 passengers at once to a huge indoor-outdoor skating rink on top of Mt. Komagatake. Part national shrine and part Conny Island, Hakone's very diversity makes it a national treasure. In some respects, as in fishing (left), the park status is an unmitigated blessing: the tumbling mountain streams are kept well stocked with small but scrappy rainbow trout. The chilly waters of Lake Ashi, fed by Fuji's snows, are navi-

gated by excursion steamers, by sailboats and speedboats, and by water skiers, who are kept warm by rubber wet suits. For the less athletic, a favorite Hakone pastime is walking inns and hotels past charts of train and the time it is likely to take to hike them. A favorite trail (below) follows part of the ancient Tokaido road, beneath towering cedar trees that sheltered travelers, en route from Tokyo to the old capital of Kyoto, as long ago as the 17th century.

CONTINUED





At night the inns and hotels of Hakone come alive. The guests move in from the lakes, the golf courses and the mountain paths and wander through the corridors in their *yukata*—the cotton kimonos supplied by the management and worn by all who stay there. They sit at the bars, visit, gossip, watch television or the shows in the nightclubs and play the penny-arcade machines that have become a seasonal mania. But, most important, they seek for an hour in the steaming comfort of the *onsen*, or honorable bath. At the huge new Kowakien, a hotel that resembles a Japanese Grossinger's in the extravagance of its facilities, the immense Polynesian bath (left) has orchids growing in its palm trees and bathing in nine different pools. After the bath, visitors can enjoy a simple meal of raw fish and sake at a sushi bar, or a feast of many courses (right), with geishas to fill the glass, dance and play the *seamisen*.



FAME AND TERROR AT 200 MPH

In an eerie world of smoke, noise and rocketing speed, Don Garlits has become the first man to break hot rodding's 200-mph barrier. His reward: renown, money—and haunting fear **by MARK KRAM**

For doctors and lawyers and engineers and people like that, drag racing is release, and one day a week on a ribbon of black asphalt in a field somewhere on the perimeter of a town is like a day spent under a billow of sail. For the others, the ones with that *Rick Around the Clock* gleam in their eyes and combs forever swishing through their hair, it is "full of kicks, man." For spectators, who pay for the privilege of inhaling exhaust fumes and having their ears buffeted by painful, unceasing noise, it is the promise of the macabre and the

vicious thrill of speed. But for a slight 32-year-old Floridian named Don Garlits, who has driven the recognized quarter mile faster than anyone ever before, it is sweet misery: a \$70,000 income, mushrooming business prospects, recognition and a deep longing to be someone else, somewhere else. All from a sport associated in the public mind with the psychologically scarred.

"Mention drag racing," says Garlits, "and right away people look at you kind of queer, and you know what they're thinking. 'Poor boy. He was promised

a pony one year for Christmas, and he didn't get it.'"

As king of the hot rodders, Garlits disdains such sympathy, which is misguided anyway. Far from being chafed in a realm of misfits, he is almost flagrantly normal—if that term can be applied to a man who weekly exposes himself to the danger of death. Garlits is a reflection of all that drag racing is rapidly coming to be: big business, expensive courting of stars by the motor companies and parts manufacturers, a glut of flourishing publications which

SPENDING SMOKE, GARLITS AND RIVAL CHRIS (THE GREEK) KARAMEZINES BURST AWAY FROM STARTING LINE IN GREAT MEADOWS, N.J.



dispense technical expertise, to an astonishing number of readers, an estimated nationwide attendance of five million a year.

"Garlits is an Establishment man," says Ed Roth, the Crazy Painter from California, who is celebrated in hot rodding for his creation of the Weirdo shirt (SI, April 24, 1961). On the West Coast where the James Dean sect of hot rodding is entrenched, Garlits is regarded as a square, a carpetbagger and agent of the suspect East. But nobody calls him Don Garbage anymore, an equilibrium imposed when he first appeared in California with a dragster built from junkyard parts. "They were used to those glittering, chrome-plated, technically perfect dragsters of wealthy guys," Don says. "They took one look at my nightmare, and they like to rolled over laughing. They would shout something like, 'Go home, you Florida fuck.' Actually,

they didn't get much of a laugh out of it. I cleaned up on them out there, and they went home shaking their heads."

Although he professes to hate and fear speed, Garlits certainly has not shrunk from it. Not long ago in the tiny hamlet of Great Meadows, N.J. he performed a feat that is to drag racing what Roger Bannister's first four-minute mile is to track—he broke the sport's 200-mph barrier twice in one afternoon. (The previous week in Detroit, Garlits had become the first man ever to exceed 200 mph at the end of a quarter-mile drag strip, but that single performance might have been criticized as a fluke and possibly another among many questionable claims to 200-mph runs.)

Garlits arrived early at the New Jersey drag strip, began tinkering with the latest of his creations, which he calls *The Swamp Rat*, and was immediately surrounded by a crowd of the curious.

Another smaller crowd clustered about Garlits' chief rival, Chicagoan Chris Karamesinos, a misanthropic, sleep-eyed man who looks like a character out of Steinbeck's *Jurassic Park* and is known on the drag-racing circuit simply as "The Greek." "Hey there, Big Daddy Don," someone yelled. "Did ya hear about The Greek? His chute! Didn't open in a test run. He crashed through a wire fence and stopped right next to a railroad track. Didn't fare 'im. Walked away from it just cool, man. Just coool!"

"Just coool!" Garlits mumbled, mimicking the informer. "What the hell, now. He [The Greek] must be hopped up, or he's crazy." Garlits turned back to his dragster. His hands moved quickly and confidently over its sleek body. Beads of sweat dropped from his forehead. The crowd, mostly drivers from the pit areas, pushed in on him, and he had only a few feet of working space.

Continued

WHERE GARLITS ACHIEVED DRAG RACING'S FIRST BACK-TO-BACK 200-MPH RUNS. BELOW, HE RELAXES IN DRAGSTER'S COCKPIT



"Can't somebody get these people back?" he asked, almost shouting. Silent, entranced, they just stared at the machinery before them as a group of men might gaze at a pretty girl. Now and then a stock car, driven by a kid with a dirt-smearred, pockmarked face and a glint in his eyes, would screech up to the group. The kid would whip his engine three or four times, look over at Garlits and then pull away. Garlits, annoyed, would slowly look up. "That kid's a bit sick," he finally said. "He's what they call Hot Shoes. You see how he keeps coming around. He's trying to tell me something. He's trying to tell me what a killer he is, and, oh, how he'd like to take me on if he had machinery like mine. Deep down they all think they're killers."

Afternoon faded toward evening in Great Meadows, a scorched, shadeless place in a valley between the Piedmont Plateau and the Appalachians. Garlits finished his preparations. Quiet, like the stillness of a cathedral on a summer afternoon, enveloped the area. People were now standing in the frail bleachers. At the starting line, Garlits and The Greek nodded to each other. And then everything seemed to explode. Noise ripped at the ears until they began to hurt. The ground shook. Big hales of white smoke, shrouding the faces of the drivers, rolled out over the strip. The smell of burning rubber and nitro was sharp and nauseating. In a moment the dragsters were gone, and all there was to be seen was a stream of smoke flying down the straightaway.

Seconds later two chutes popped open. The race was over. "Yeah, yeah, yeah, Big Daddy," someone hellowed from the stands. Superlatives ring from the announcer's booth. Coming back down the strip, Garlits smiled and waved his arm in a slow pirouette that seemed more like a long sigh than a gesture. When the afternoon finally died, Garlits had beaten The Greek twice, accelerating to a speed of 200.44 mph at the end of the quarter mile in one run, and 200.89 mph in the other. It was the breakthrough drag racing men had awaited and the millennium in the life of Don Garlits.

Garlits was born and raised in Tampa. His father, who died when Don was 10, was a former-dayman with a knack for fixing things. His mother ran the farm for a while after her husband's

death but now devotes all her time to horticulture. "Once I had an opportunity to go into the big-time dairy business," she says, "but I knew Don, even though he was very good at milking cows, didn't have the temperament for a slow-moving job. I did hope that he would eventually go into white-collar work. I'm bitterly opposed to his racing. Especially after seeing him in a hospital after he was badly burned. I didn't even know it was Don. But when I try to talk about it, he always replies, 'Mother, when your number's up, your number is up. You can get killed on a highway or in a bathtub.'"

Don was a frail boy, too small for other sports. "When he was 14," his mother says, "Don erected a tripod in the backyard and pulled motors out of old cars and worked on them unceasingly. Many nights at 2 a.m. I had to force Don and his friends to quit before neighbors called police." Yet when Garlits graduated from high school, where his grades were good, he took a position in a bookkeeping office. He worked there only six months. "I began to feel like a figure," he says. "I'd walk into the office, look around and I'd get depressed. I thought there must be more to life than this. One day I walked in, turned around and walked out."

After that, there was a succession of jobs in body shops, then a radiator shop. Then Garlits caught on as a racing mechanic. Still, he seemed only to drift into drag racing. In Tampa it was the thing to do so Garlits raced—but at first with no great enthusiasm. His wife was not aware that he raced at all and that he was nurturing a passion for it until he began collecting speeding tickets for dragging on vacant roads. Even then she dismissed it all with a boys-will-be-boys smile. The smile rapidly disappeared when he showed up one day with a '529 carshaft that he was going to put into our new Ford."

Today drag racing is to Garlits a means, a ladder on which to climb to a less violent life. Once it stimulated him—and it still does to a degree—but now it has become haunting and filled with drudgery and terror. Now it is a life on wheels with all the problems of such a life: two small daughters who have to sleep on a shelf of the truck Garlits uses as transportation, a wife trying to

make a home on the road; short, frantic visits to places like Half Moon Bay and Yellow Belly and Cicero and Oswego; road maps and strong coffee and restless sleep at roadside. His wife acts as navigator, keeps the records and now and then writes verse ("It would be perfect for the Beach Boys," she says), some of which tells of a shiny black rail with a blower on top, a cool cat behind a big Dodge engine that likes to drink pop, and concludes:

*In tuning the crew give the heads a
feel,
Then signal to Don to make it unreal.
He rolls up to the line and clears
his pipes
The bulbs start flashing on the
Christmas tree lights
He's gone and the announcer says
7.88!
You Bet Daddy
You really, really turned it on!*

Except for his physical features, which would blend perfectly with a black jacket, tight pants and black boots, Garlits is the antithesis of the hero of that verse and of the hot-rodding stereotype. Only a few hot rodders make more than nickels and dimes. Most of them seem to glory in the indescribable noise at a drag strip, but it gives Garlits headaches, has partially impaired his hearing and extracts a steady stream of expletives from him. He has been known to cite a Swedish scientist's study of noise in relation to insanity.

Garlits is genuinely confused by the erotic love for hot rods expressed by so many in the sport, and he describes his own dragster as "just a piece of junk." The esoteric jabber (for instance: "if you were a bug wanie at the strip you certainly wouldn't drive a rat, you'd probably drive a gasser that gobbles and take the bush") is foreign to his own speech, which flows slowly and lucidly. And the interminable yacking about blowers and cylinder heads and cams and slush pumps, which hounds his ears every time he gets near a drag strip, bores him. When not working he much prefers to talk about other things, perhaps Goldwater, civil rights or the kingdom of the unt, three subjects which always make his eyes shine and his face glow with animation. Yet, besieged by spectators or novices, he will answer without flippancy a hundred technical questions. To promoters he is a "nee fella" and "the only guy in drag racing

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Viceroy is scientifically made
to taste the way you'd like a
filter cigarette to taste.
Not too strong...not too light...
Viceroy's got the taste that's right.



SMOKE ALL 7

Smoke all seven filter brands
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too strong... while others
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tastes the way you'd like a filter
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in which it is revealed that what's IN is trim.

IN

DRIZZLER-NADIR JET The classic Drizzler jacket trimmed with genuine suede leather lined with quilted Dacron® polyester \$22.95



OUT

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IN

BROGUE BASQUE Wide-wale 100% cotton corduroy, lined with pile of 100% Orlon® acrylic \$29.95 **



IN

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OUT

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Guide to what's IN and what's OUT

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IN

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LOVE-A-CAMEL BUSH. Trimmied with genuine leather, made of 25% lambswool, 25% camel hair, bonded to foam. \$27.95



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Don't feel bad if you missed out on Europe this summer.

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Scotland gathers its Clans. Munich brews up its *Oktoberfest*. Paris runs its *Grand Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe*. And a good part of Europe turns into wine-festival country overnight.

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who can pack a place to capacity.

Psychologists could undoubtedly discover in Garlits a love-hate conflict—probably a normal one. He has a lust for competition and he delights in producing better and faster cars than anyone else, but most of all he is drawn to it by the money—anywhere from \$750 to \$2,000 an appearance. But now the fear of death has begun to follow him like another man's shadow. The torment is acute. He has begun to speak of "this madness of speed."

"I can't take any more days like this," he said, leaving Great Meadows. "This is the day I've been shooting for. I can't keep going faster and faster. If I do, it will be just a matter of time." He left unsaid, "until I am killed."

"I feel like I'm pushing my luck every time out. It's agony, but then I get the money and it suddenly becomes real sweet. For a while."

To understand what gnaws at Garlits, it is necessary first to understand the awesome capability of his dragster and to relate an incident and the aftermath of a day at Chester, S.C.

First, consider the dragster itself. The *Swamp Rat* (also called *Don's Junior* to publicize a commercial sponsor), which Garlits built in 10 days at a cost of \$4,000 and 16 hours of work each day, is capable of producing 1,350 hp. It is powered by a 396-cubic-inch Dodge engine which is supercharged and fuel-injected. The *Swamp Rat* is 15 feet long, has fat, slick tires of special racing rubber behind and motorcycle wheels in front. It is designed for no other task than straight-line acceleration. To its rear is attached a parachute which helps slow the car. It carries only 3½ gallons of fuel, which is usually referred to as "exotic." The fuel consists of, say, 90% nitro-methane for power, 6% alcohol for cooling and 4% benzene as an aid to ignition. The percentages vary often, and Garlits is widely recognized for his touch with fuel. Bending over old Army water containers, his hands jumping from can to can, he reminds one of Bela Lugosi in a laboratory of smoking test tubes.

"I tried to mix the fuel right at the strip," he says, "but there are too many spies around trying to find out what I'm doing with it. Now I mix it privately. It's all quite complex for anyone outside the sport. Even people in the sport don't know what I've done to reach 200 Oh, they say they know, but they don't.



BEFORE FURIOUS NEW JERSEY DUEL GARLITS AND THE GREEK (LEFT) CHAT IN PITTS

For instance, the fuel. They don't know how I'm getting the proper balance. Actually, the big thing is imagination. You see, there are six major factors: the supercharger, the pistons, the camshafts, the gear ratio, the tires and the fuel. It's the combinations you use. For each factor there are, say, 25 different combinations. I interpret all this as just imagination."

The sensation of driving one of these bullets is described by Garlits as "unreal," and he himself looks unreal as he sits in the dragster before takeoff, dressed in an asbestos suit, a face mask and ear plugs, glued in position by a shoulder harness and safety belt. It is one thing to say 200 mph in less than eight seconds, but it is quite another thing to see the dragster roaring and smoking at the starting line, look away for a moment, and then turn back to see it a quarter of a mile away. It is an

impressive and frightening sight. "One-tenth of a second is nothing to most people," Garlits says. "Just a blinking of the eye. But at the far end of the run, that's four car lengths. A dragster at top speed can cover 275 feet per second. Divide that by 10, one-tenth of a second can mean more than 27 feet. And when you finally stop the car at the end it's like having a great weight pulled off you. At the start of the race you feel like you're going straight up. As the race goes on, you feel like the car is out of control. There is no time to think or savor the thrill of speed. And as you go down that strip, you don't see anything. It is a no-man's land. There is just the blur of the landscape, a swirling pattern of grays and blacks, and the strip is sort of like a little black pencil mark."

"When the chute opens your body goes forward, and then you have the force of the opening chute pulling at

continued

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DON GARLITS

you. It crushed three of my vertebrae once. Stopping the car is a reflex action. I've practiced it so much I do it in my sleep. I pull the chute release cord, turn the fuel off and pull the hand brake. It takes one second, sometimes a little less. I try not to think of all the things that can happen, like the chute not opening or the car flipping. That's the worst thing. Just one little slip and it's all over. When I climb out of that little cockpit I feel like I've been in a boxing ring. You can't let the fear get the best of you, and I have to fight it all the time. After the accident in Chester I used to find myself going down the strip with my foot only halfway on the throttle. I was dazed with fear."

The incident in Chester would have frightened most people into a totally sedentary life. Garlits remembers most vividly the face of a doctor and his first words, which seemed to come from an echo chamber: "My God! We can't do anything for this man."

"The supercharger exploded," Garlits says, "and only my leather jacket saved me. It all happened in four seconds. I had swallowed some of the fire, and later I almost caught pneumonia. My condition was similar to that of Firehall Roberts, the stock-car driver who died this year. I had third-degree burns: flesh, especially on my hands, was just hanging off."

Even now you can see pale white rings around his eyes where the goggles were, and his hands are ghostly white from the wrists down. His lips, practically burned away, are thin and white.

"But one of the worst things about the accident was the convalescence. They had socked a lot of morphine into me to kill the pain; in fact, I used to count the minutes waiting for the shots. Well, when I went home, I was hooked on the stuff. I could never sleep, and then there was this terrible gnawing inside. For days I had to go for long walks. I used to walk until 4 o'clock in the morning, until I was too tired to walk anymore. I kicked it eventually, but it was one of the worst trials of my life. When I was burned again, not as seriously, I wouldn't take any of that stuff. The whole thing was a nightmare. I still dream about it now and then—those four seconds that seemed like four years. All I could think of at the time was *why?* Why did I get into drag racing? I still wonder."

END



When there's no man around... Goodyear should be.

She's stranded. Helpless.

A flat tire and no one in sight to change it. But with the LifeGuard Safety Spare she won't have to change a tire.

Because the LifeGuard is not just a shield or tube, but a fully-inflated tire, with tread, cord and bead. Designed to keep her going even with a flat, puncture, or blowout.

The secret is two tires. One inside the other. The outside tire is the Double Eagle. It's made with exclusive Vytacord polyester... the "dream cord" that's strong as nylon and smooth riding as rayon... yet makes a cooler-running tire than both.

And like all Goodyear auto tires, the Double Eagle is made with Tufsyn rubber, that's 25% more durable.

In fact, the Double Eagle is the toughest, longest-wearing tire you can buy.



Add the optional LifeGuard Safety Spare and it becomes the safest tire in the world. Chances are the Double Eagle will never let her down. But if it should, the LifeGuard Safety Spare takes over.

She won't have to stop to change tires... even with a blowout. It's almost as good as having a man around.

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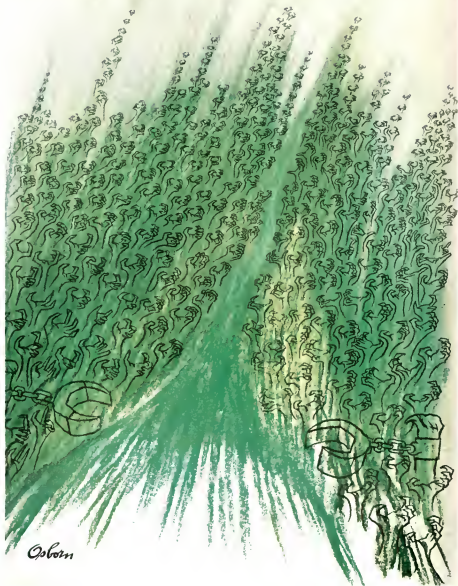
WHEN A GOLF COURSE TURNS ON YOU

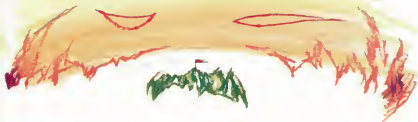
It happens in late August. Until then the golfer has joyfully improved his game, shank by shank, through the fragrance of spring and the early warmth of summer, amid the emerald opulence of his home course. He has strolled over springy fairways, beneath sheltering old trees, across bridges spanning cool ponds and onto silken greens where putts have rolled uncapriciously true. It has not been easy, yet the pro's lessons are telling, and breaking 80 for the first time can hardly be more than one delirious round away. But suddenly it is August—hot, weary, overgolfed August. The driver is too heavy and tee shots are slipping off mysteriously to the right, disappearing into previously unnoticed thicket. Curiously, the three-wood has developed a hooked face. The two-iron has too much loft. The seven-iron has none. The pitching wedge has

a maximum distance of eight feet. And the putter, grotesquely but incessantly, pulls everything to the left. Now the course itself has changed. The fairways are long, narrow trails to doom. Traps are deeper, ponds turn murky and spirits lie in wait in the brooding forests. In some monstrous fashion this once idyllic setting has come alive to conspire against the golfer and rout his dreams of conquest. The identity of the architect at left, who designed the bestial place, has become obvious. Starting with the view from the first tee, at right, Artist Robert Osborn shows what a golf course really looks like to the poor player in this month of August—a time when another flowering spring seems an eternity away.

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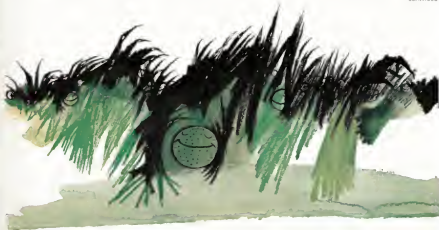




The golfer's illusions are many, but none is more extravagant than the one he holds about his course before an unplayed round. It is a course abounding in space, one that is beckoning and dashed by sunlight. And yet the once inviting smile now has a subtly different tone. The golfer has only to place his first shot in the rough to be awakened to the torments ahead. It is an unfamiliar rough, no longer soven with the tender weeds through which a brassie has swept with the speed of a saber. This rough is matted, wiry, a merciless jungle. It bends the shaft of a violent four-iron, loosens the grip on a well-honed nine. Provided, of

course, the ball can even be found. At right is the traditional birdie hole, where there once were but two small fir trees marking the edges of a fairway that was only a fraction narrower than Australia. That was before the demons came. Nourished by wild tee shots, staggering caddies, wind, sprinkler systems, mowers, pull carts and buggies, the demons grew. They became bloated and thorny. Then, further irritated by the lashing backswings of Ladies' Day, Mixed Foursome, Member-Guest, Father-Son, Blind Bogey, City Junior and Pro-Am, they marched forward in full protest, leaving only a glimpse of the green between them.

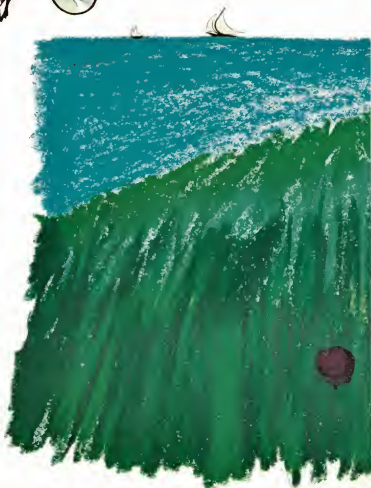
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The water hole was never a bargain. Even on balmy days it took a firm four-iron. Always a dangerous shot. After all, this was where Bobby Cruickshank made an 8 to blow the '29 Sausage Memorial. But what madman moved the tee markers to the very

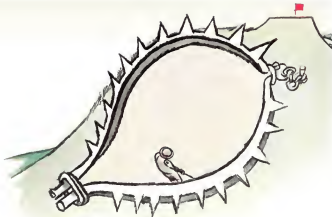


back? Could this gale be the season's first hurricane? Incredible that a mere 161-yard par-3 hole could be a full driver shot away. Nothing to do but try. Might make it at that. We're going for it, son. Ball off the right heel, left hand over, shaft forward

Swing. A screamer under the wind. Might be perfect. Bring the monster to its knees. But now the ball is rising slowly, hanging. Sunk. Reach in the bag, son, and get that old Green Ray, the brown one with the cut. Shooting three. Ball off the right heel. . .

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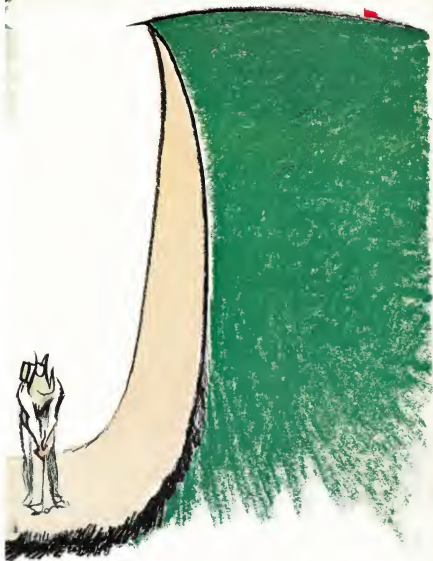




In the surrealistic hours of August, bunkers take on their most fearful shapes and sizes. And while the pros insist that exploding from sand is easy, they do not remember that exploding from sand on every hole is tiresome. Particularly when the shots are always out of either buried lies, heeled lies, wet lies, banked lies, thin lies, deep lies or very deep lies. Such traps imprison the golfer until, blinded and gasping, he declares the shot unplayable and limps to the green. There is a faster way to play out the hole from a lie like the one at right. Take a free lift, which is legal in August, and then, relying solely on the putter, play around the hill in short, unperilous strokes to a 20-foot gimme.

continued









From a distance the green appears to be a haven, but it is merely hiding its own distinctive tortures. It is circled by cawing birds, surrounded by clanking mowers, infested with gnats that blur the putter's vision, alive with insects that squat on the ball and speckled with cleat marks over which a well-stroked putt hops like a cricket. It is a mountain range of cliffs, humps, creases, shadows and bad grass. It has unrepaired divots, brown scars, sick spots, damp spots, replaced cups, leaves, pebbles, worms, lumps of sand, cigarette butts, invisible grain and—clearly visible—the name of a high school skillfully burned into it by vandals. Thus it is able to inflict the day's final humiliations on the golfer, leaving him broken and bewildered, conquered once more by an unconquerable game. He crawls away silently, but it is easy to pick up his trail. Just follow the putter fragments into the clubhouse bar.

END



TENSE SAILOR FOR A TAUT SHIP

Skipper Bill Cox of the would-be cup defender 'American Eagle' is strung as tight as the standing rigging on his boat and, like its spars and stays, defies the wind with unobtrusive force **by BOB OTTUM**

It was one of those Newport parties where everyone shows up in a dark-blue blazer. The governor was there, and the mayor, and someone else who was running for governor. Practically everyone on the terrace at old Marble House mansion had the calico look of late sailing summer—faces deeply burned, salt-sprayed and chapped. A three-piece band played, hot Rhode Island johnny-cakes were served at tables on the lawn and about the time the whole thing was over the key man arrived. He had missed the governor's reception line and he moved like a wraith in crepe-soled deck shoes, his face set firm. People pointed him out. "That's Cox," they said, "of the *American Eagle*."

In Newport this is like saying, "That's *Queen of the Cane*" or "*Jones of the Bonhomme Richard*." Skipper Cox of the 12-meter yacht *American Eagle* is a hero or a villain—depending upon which 12-meter crew you talk to—and he is likely to remain so even after the America's Cup races are done. At the Newport party he dodged the receiving line because he did not have anything to say to the mayor or the governor. He didn't mean to be rude. He really doesn't have anything to say these days to anyone not directly connected with racing.

Bill Cox's whole being is tied so tightly to the business at hand that if someone slapped him on the back—which is unthinkable—he would ring like a tuning fork. He has been building himself up to this condition since he quit his publishing job in New York City last January 3 and started thinking about racing for the cup. Nowadays in cup-conscious Newport crowds are always standing thickly along the piers where the 12-meters come in, but they part like the sea and fall silent when Cox walks by. Two weeks ago, when he headed out along the worn planks toward the *Eagle*, head thrust forward and walking with tense, whip-like strides, a reporter called out cheerily, "Good luck, Bill." Cox jumped visibly. "No, no," he barked. "Don't talk to me now. Not now."

Skipper Cox is unrelaxed for two reasons: 1) it is his nature, and 2) the hopes and dollars of a lot of people are resting on his deceptively frail-looking should-

ders. It takes roughly \$1 million to put a boat like *Eagle* into a cup campaign, and that estimate is so rough that around Newport the oddtimers say it could be low by a quarter of a million. *Eagle*'s million is split among 41 members of a well-heeled organization that calls itself the Aurora Syndicate. Some of the 41 shares are even divided into anonymous subshares. *Eagle* was designed and built by Bill Laders (54, July 27), whose name is a household word among sailing men, and many of them say she is the best thing ever to come out of his shipyard. Even when tied up at a dock, *Eagle* looks as if she is going about 30 knots, and in race after race with her archrival, *Constellatus*, she showed that her look of speed was not illusory. As *Eagle*'s reputation grew, Cox drove his crew through racing drills from early morning until night—packing enough food aboard in hamper to keep their energies fed: 36 half-pints of milk, two gallons of lemonade, a case of soft drinks and sandwiches, all of which are prepared at the *Eagle*'s Nesca (an impressive old Newport mansion that serves as their HQ) lest some flu germ from some alien kitchen get to them.

Out on the rolling swells off Newport—a capricious area with wind that shifts and clouds that turn the sun on and off—Skipper Cox communicates with his men in terse hand signals. Sometimes when Assistant Helmsman Eugene Stetson relays some vital information, such as how much water is under the keel, Cox will give no sign of acknowledgment whatever. "Am I talking loud enough?" Stetson will say worriedly, and Cox will answer, not looking aside for a moment,

"I hear you." They sail on in silence, eyes on the sails and trim.

It is to Cox's credit that he did not break his silence when John B. Nichols, a keen and thoroughly liked sailor who had been in charge of *Eagle*'s deck gang, dropped out of the crew at the end of the preliminary trials. Newport insiders were badly jolted by the change, yachting reporters called for explanations and, when none were forthcoming, went off speculating on their own in a manner not flattering to Cox. On the rival *Constellation*, Foredeck Chief Buddy Bombard voiced the general feeling: "I'm glad I am not on *Eagle*. I've sailed with Cox before." But Bill Cox only said, "These things happen in racing, and we don't like it any better than anyone else."

"Cox is no hair-puller," growled portly, rumped Clayton Ewing, one of Aurora's members. "He knows that shouting doesn't get anything in this thing. Some people think we made a daring move in signing Cox as the skipper of *Eagle*." Ewing went on. "Up to that time his experience had been largely in small boats, and this was an awfully big step up." Nevertheless, the syndicate, forming last October, gambled—and won—on Cox's status as a two-time international Lightning class champion. "The result," said Ewing, "is that Cox steers this big 12 like it is a Lightning. The fact that it is so much bigger does not scare him, and it shows in the results."

Sailing has been Bill Cox's life since he was a boy, according to his pretty wife Libby. He has raced boats from the time he went to prep school in Avon, Conn., through a year at Exeter and even while he was a psychology major at



IF OUR SKIPPER COX SMILES, IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE HE HAS JUST WON A RACE

Princeton University in the class of 1935.

"Bill was very serious, even as a schoolboy," says Libby Cox. "But one night at Princeton—I'll never know how they managed to do it—some of his classmates taught him to shoot craps, and I guess he showed a flair for it. In any case, he played all night and was winning heavily. The game lasted until about noon the next day, and Bill got out of it with about \$400 in cash, enough to take a vacation in Bermuda. That was

in 1934, and he met me there and we fell very quickly in love. Ever since that time he has said that he really won me in a crap game."

The Coxes were wed in August 1935, and Bill, who was then a \$15-a-week ad salesman for *The Bride's Magazine*, got a \$10 raise. His earnest, steady, firm, blue-eyed approach sold more ad space than anyone before or since at *Bride's*, and before long he became assistant to the president. After *Bride's* was swal-

lowed up by Conde Nast Publications, Cox became business manager for the latter.

The Coxes now live in an 11-room house on two and a quarter acres in Darien, Conn. Their house is a low, white, rambling affair with a sweeping yard and a pond. "Bill does not do any yard work," says Libby Cox. "Absolutely not. He wouldn't pick up a stick in the yard." Leaving others to pick up the sticks, Cox usually headed out for weekend racing at one of the yacht clubs that ring Long Island Sound. Such was the relatively unruffled course of his life until one afternoon late last fall when he got a phone call from Bill Luders.

"He told me he was thinking of putting together a syndicate for a new 12-meter," said Cox. "He did not know if it would work or not. Perhaps not, but if it did, would I be interested in being the skipper of the new boat?" Recalling the conversation at Newport, Cox, in the deep-blue, heavy-knit sweater and red polished-cotton pants that make up the official *American Eagle* uniform, permitted himself a brief smile. "I told Luders that I would think about it. I told him that I would have to talk to Libby first and see what she thought about the idea. Actually, however, I changed the order. I resigned my job, accepted the role as skipper—and then I went home and told Libby what I had done."

What he had done was more than just consent to be skipper of a potential cup defender. He had bought a piece of the action and become one of the managers of the syndicate with Luders and Pierre S. du Pont. *Eagle* was started in Luders' loft on Nov. 11, 1963, and Bill Cox followed the construction period every day through the yard.

"Cox had about as many sleepless nights as Luders, I guess," says Construction Boss John Flynn. "He gives more of himself than anybody I have ever seen. He never gives up trying to improve *Eagle*, and you can't refuse him anything he asks. What is that old soap slogan—'99% pure'? It's not pure enough for Bill Cox."

"Some people," mused Cox, "say that we get so wrapped up in 12-meter racing that we don't ever just sail for fun

continued



**This man
just lost a \$25 bet...
and he's happy about it!**

A Hammond Organ dealer bet him he could play a Hammond Organ after just six lessons.

"Six lessons? Impossible," the man scoffed, as he accepted the bet. (The Hammond Organ looked too complicated. The time seemed too short. And, besides, he'd never played an instrument before.)

So the Hammond dealer said he'd put a Hammond Organ in his home for 30 days and give him six lessons for \$25. (The dealer assured him his money would be returned if he wasn't playing to his satisfaction after 30 days. This is the famous Hammond Guaranteed Play-Time Plan.®)

Thirty days later he lost the bet! And his \$25!

Happily, he was playing to his satisfaction. And he didn't have to add one penny to the \$25 to make the down payment on a Hammond Organ.

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any more. Well, I still like to sail for fun, but you do get wrapped up in a project like this. I like the 12-meters," he went on, in a calm understatement that would cause anyone in Newport to choke on his gin and tonic. "I like their style. I like sailing around the buoys all in one afternoon and then ending it. We are what you would call mature racers in this division."

If Bill Cox's sailing is all fun, he ought to tell his wife about it. "I don't know," says Libby Cox. "I have tried to get him to take some time off, some time away from this terrible tension that keeps hounding up. But he won't do it. He is on the phone all day talking to people—the syndicate's phone bill must be absolutely staggering—and he spends every moment thinking about it."

"We haven't even seen Newport, only the road between this house and the shipyard. We joined the beach club; it is a very nice place, and Bill went there once but he didn't swim. Sometimes I wonder if he will ever relax. He can't just go for a sail aboard someone's big cruiser, for example. We get a great many invitations, and I would love to go. But it wouldn't feel right to Bill. He'd just pace."

"My tendency to be thorough," said Cox himself, in some surprise, "seems to exasperate some people. The *New York Times* here"—he held up the clipping—"did a sketch on me. They called me a lint-picker. Well, perhaps I am, but they should have chosen a kinder phrase." He took a pencil and carefully crossed out the words.

The Aurora Syndicate's faith and that of Bill Laders in Cox began to pay off from the moment *Eagle* was launched and started showing her stern to the other would-be defenders in Long Island Sound (SI, June 22). The press instantly stamped *Eagle* the boat to beat, and reporters began moving in on Cox. He made a first—and last—public statement. "The difference between the boats has been a small difference," he said. "We have got to win by more and we must be careful we do not get overconfident."

And the saga of *American Eagle* went on: by the time she arrived in Newport to start the observation series the score was *Eagle* 6-0 against all comers, *Constellation* 2-4, *Columbus* 2-4 and *Neversun* 2-4.

Commented Cox, "We do not win

these races; the other fellows lose them." And at the *Eagle's* Nest on Beacon Hill Road the fledgling sailors were constantly reminded that the important races still lay ahead. At long last, on July 26, during the New York Yacht Club cruise, *Constellation* managed a smooth victory over *Eagle*, to hand the latter her first loss in 16 starts.

Said Cox, "We greeted that first defeat almost with a sigh of relief. We knew that sooner or later it had to come. I told the crew, 'Now, let's see if we can put another string together.' They could not. *Eagle* lost to *Constellation* again four days later in air so light the race deteriorated into a drifting match, and again the next day. "All right," said Cox, at the end of the cruise, his last nerves and those of his crew twanging nicely again, "now we're losing too many." So he made a list of suggested hull changes for Laders, marked them A, B and C in order of importance and sent *Eagle* back to the boatyard. "There was no loss of morale," he explained. "We had known all along, for example, that *Eagle* was less superior in light air. Now we're fixing that."

Eagle came out of the shed with some of the lead scraped off her keel and her rudder made smaller, in something of the pattern of *Constellation's*. Cox accepted the obvious improvement in her light-air performance as no more than what he expected, and as the final trials began he went on to other improvements. When a race is to be won, Cox is less interested in what's right than in what's wrong. But for one moment at the *Eagle's* Nest last week he did pause just long enough to consider a kind of perfection. "There is a moment in sailing," he said, "under the right wind, with the sun shining on the water and the heat set just right, when life is almost perfect. Sailing in a race adds an element of extra excitement."

"If Bill did get a chance to race for the America's Cup," said Libby Cox, looking fondly at her husband, "and lost, I think he would accept the loss with his usual great reserve. Any pain he felt would not show."

Cox picked up a cookie from the coffee table and munches it with short, nervous bites. "And if I were to win," he said, with the ghost of a smile again. "I think I would feel happy inside." **END**

A pitcher's motion helps you hit a hook

When attempting an intentional hook, you should not rely simply on a strong grip and a closed stance to produce the desired effect. They are not enough. The most important element in hitting a hook lies in the swing itself, in keeping the right shoulder underneath the left as the hands and club head go out through the ball. This action—provided the other adjustments have been made—will not only produce a hook, but a hook that will stay under control and land softly.

You should begin by picking a preliminary target, say a tree or bush, to the right of the real target. Align your stance and square the club face to this aiming point. Play the ball in the normal position, but adjust your grip, turning the hands slightly more to the right than usual. This will help the right hand to roll over at impact, producing hook spin. On the downswing make sure that your head stays absolutely still. Your hands should come from the inside, almost giving you the feeling that they are going to brush your hip as they go by. The right shoulder stays underneath the left, and the hands go out toward the preliminary target and finish high. To re-create the feel of the shot, visualize a softball pitcher throwing underhand toward the plate.

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On the downswing, the hands (red slash) must come at the ball from the inside to the outside.



At impact and during follow-through, right shoulder (red disk) must stay under the left.

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Rat-face MacDougall

meet



Yelberton Abraham Tittle



In southern Connecticut, one day last September, an electronics engineer and a public relations executive spent a good deal of time trying to attach a television antenna to an old Russet apple tree.

Their vain hope was to pick up the activities of an insurance broker by the name of Yeltherton Abraham Tittle on the Sundays when the New York Giants' home games were blacked out on TV from New York.

On that same day, the president of a tobacco firm was waving an expensive Tonkin cane wand in the general direction of some hidden trout in the Esopus River. At the end of his 3X tippet was tied a disreputable creation of hair and hackle called a Rai-face MacDougall.

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TIME / LIFE

"They're just keeping us on our feet so we'll be too tired to beat the Senators," grumbled Twin Pitcher **Camilo Pascual** as he waved with his Minnesota teammates to meet President Johnson. But after shaking hands with LBJ half an hour later, he heard that his family was en route to the U.S. from Cuba. Nothing could stop Pascual then. He beat the Senators easily for his 13th win of the season, flew off to meet his mother, father and two married sisters. He had not seen them since he left Havana in 1961.

"I'm **Lady Bird Johnson** from Karnack, Texas," said the First Lady of the land as she hopped into a 32-foot rubber raft last week for a float trip down Wyoming's Snake River (below). After her party of 17, including Secretary of the Interior **Stewart Udall**, had settled down to enjoy the 3½-hour jaunt, Mrs. Johnson, clad in bright red stretch pants and a black sweater, picked

up a pair of binoculars. In short order she spied a mule deer, an osprey, several trout, a formation of Canada geese ("Hey, hey, what are they?" she asked), a bald eagle ("Look, look, look," she gasped), a cow elk ("Oh, gosh") and last but not least a 1,000-pound moose. "She's the best game spotter we've ever had," said the tour guide as his famous guest disembarked for a fish fry.

Former British High Commissioner to Australia, **Sir Stephen Holmes**, who is now a councilman in Sandwich, England, gets his daily exercise by riding on a merry-go-round. Last week, however, he ran into trouble. "It won't go round anymore, it's just too stiff," complained the dignified 68-year-old. "You shouldn't be riding on it," rejoined the manager. "Nobody over 16 is allowed to use it." "But you ride on it sometimes," said Sir Stephen. "But I'm in charge of the place," explained

the 50-year-old manager patiently. "I shall go on riding," snapped Sir Stephen. "It's my duty as a councilman to see that it's quite safe. Besides," he added, "it's fun."

Rodger Ward had some trouble holding the road last week, but no driving championships were at stake. Ward, a World War II pilot, was flying his wife and 3-month-old son to a Milwaukee stock car race when his four-seater Bonanza developed engine trouble. He brought the plane down successfully on a highway in Brownburg, Ind., but it slid into a ditch. Nobody was hurt.

Riviera gossip had it that Actress **Greta Garbo** was swimming at a topless bistro. But the solitary Swede brightly denied it. "I swam in the nude," she said.

Good sports and good sports-women, 24-year-old **Naoko Ikeda** and her sister **Sachiko**, 22, the daughters of Japan's Prime Minister, last week signed on with 27 other Japanese socialites to serve as official Olympic Companions. Dressed in neat uniforms, they will "entertain" heads of state and members of the International Olympic Committee during the Games in Tokyo. "I took the job because I thought all I needed to do was to pass out medals to the winners," said Sachiko. "I now know better but I'll do my very best." Ah so.

At each performance of the Broadway hit *Any Which Way*, 50 helium-filled balloons are set free, and for the rest of the show they bounce around up on the ceiling of the theater. How does the management get them down? Up to last week it was easy, with the unpaid but ardent assistance of blonde star **Sandy Dennis**. As soon as the audience left, Miss Dennis would pick up an air rifle, pull the hair out of her eyes and blast away. Then some spotlight decided it was dangerous. Now sharpshooter

Sandy has been replaced by a net.

Some people walk along beaches to collect shells or sniff the good salt air. U.S. Supreme Court Justice **William O. Douglas** does it to save the beach. Last week the 65-year-old archconservationist and author (*My Wilderness, Of Men and Mountains*) led 160 like-minded strollers, including his 24-year-old wife Jean, on a three-day, 15-mile hike to protest a planned beachfront highway on Washington's Olympic Peninsula. "We are a group of people who love the outdoors," said the Justice at a salmon barbecue before the march. "Our goal is to make as many friends as possible for the beach wilderness." But after fighting high tides, rain and hungry mosquitoes, one member of the Wilderness Army went AWOL. "You can have your hike and your wilderness, too," he snarled as he scooted off in search of a highway.

To keep his Monaco oceanographic museum well stocked with exhibits, Underwaterman **Jacques-Yves Cousteau** has inspired France's sun-sitters to become supersaturated. Frank Bucks in response to Cousteau's offer of prizes ranging from complete scuba outfits to mere face masks for the best Brang 'Em Back Alive, Riviera vacationers have hauled in more than a thousand potential museum pieces. "People on beaches are like animals in zoos," explained Cousteau, in a slightly inverted smile, "they're bored and want to be entertained."

For the moment anyway, life is beer and skittles for England's Tories, but former Prime Minister **Harold Macmillan** is still among the losers. At the annual Conservative Party fête in Bromley the other day, Mac shed three bulls at a stand of skittles to try to win a pig. Alas, when the game was done, his wife Lady Dorothy had to award the pig to another Tory.



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A champion conquers a Kansas sea breeze

Unruffled Barbara McIntire, keeping her composure on a windy, strange and sand-strewn course, wins the Women's Amateur

Until 30 years ago, no one except the Indians had found any sensible use for the forbidding sand hills that sprout without explanation a few miles north-east of Hutchinson, Kans. The Osage who chased buffalo across the Kansas plains pitched spears there because the dunes offered at least a little protection against the winds and tornadoes that tease and frighten central Kansas in the summertime. After the white man drove the red man away, the sand hills lay dog-gone. It was not until the mid-'30s that William D. P. Carey and Emerson Carey Jr.,—of Hutchinson's most esteemed business and golfing family—realized what could be done with the undulating sand, spiny yucca plants, thorny cacti and thickets of impenetrable plum bushes. They built a golf course on it, and it was in this unusual setting last week that Barbara McIntire won the 64th U.S. Women's Amateur Championship.

The whole area was nothing but a large unplayable lie when the Careys imported Perry Maxwell, a distinguished golf architect, to lay out the Prairie Dunes Country Club. With its small, billowy greens and narrow, knobby fairways, Prairie Dunes became a course that is as close an approximation of the rugged seaside links of Scotland as anything this side of the Atlantic—and 1,000 miles from any ocean—is likely to get. It also became as much a test of fortune as it is of ability, and that is what the Scots say the game is all about.

For the women's championship, the course was shortened from 6,500 to 6,000 yards, but it was still a good deal more than enough for the field of 81 that turned up for the qualifying rounds on Monday and Tuesday. They had to battle not only the sand and yucca, but a wind that moved the USGA's Joe Dey to comment, "Can't you just feel it blow-

ing in off the Irish Sea?" At the end of four more days of match play among the 32 qualifiers, Miss McIntire had beaten JoAnne Gunderson in the finals 3 and 2 and won the championship with just the kind of resolute golf that is applauded in Scotland or Kansas or anywhere else.

The pattern of the tournament was surprisingly formal, considering the un-

usual challenge offered by the course. Miss McIntire, Miss Gunderson, a three-time winner of the title, and Polly Riley, who was playing in her 19th Amateur Championship, led the two days of medal play with 36-hole scores of 151, five over par. After that, Miss McIntire and Miss Gunderson each played four matches to reach the finals. Barbara played her 67 holes along the way in even par, while JoAnne played her 61 holes in two under par. They were clearly the class of the field, especially after the defending champion, Anne Quast Welts (*see below*), became the tournament's first major casualty when she failed to qualify for the match play. If ever an athlete had an alibi, however, Anne's was it: she is nearly six months pregnant. A tall and willowy type, she showed only slight signs of her impending accouchement, but her golfing metabolism was noticeably off-center as her short game, normally as cool as a pool shark's, deserted her.

The 36-hole final on Saturday was a

'NO REASON TO STOP PLAYING GOLF NOW'

One of the more memorable sights of the Women's National Amateur last week was that of Defending Champion Anne Quast Welts, not because of her play—which was ragged enough to keep her from even qualifying for the head-to-head matches—but because of what a more Victorian era would have delicately referred to as her "condition." She was defending her title while nearly six months pregnant. If there is a precedent for this in sport, it does not come readily to mind and, as a result, the scrumptious Mrs. Welts found herself somewhat of a celebrity at Hutchinson, Kans., just when she most wanted to be ignored.

Her decision to compete had not been made easily, or quickly. When Mrs. Welts realized last spring that she would be giving birth to her first child in November, she put aside the fact that she and her husband would sooner or later have to decide whether she should defend her title. She was busily occupied teaching history in the Mount Vernon, Wash. high school. Time enough to worry about the golf after school was out. There was ample reason to procrastinate for, as Mrs. Welts put it, "We had been married less than a year, and we were on strange ground."



MRS. WELTS'S PROBLEM WAS PUTTING

match that seed and sowed wondrously. The morning round, with that Irish Sea wind blowing briskly and ever so refreshingly from the general direction of Topeka, was all JoAnne. This tall, strong girl from Seattle brings so much natural ability to golf that one wonders why she does not win every tournament. Even with her three-quarter backswing, she hits the ball as far as anyone of her sex. Her only problem is that she refuses to take either herself or her golf very seriously. Once, while bending over a putt that was to bring her the national championship, she broke into laughter. She had simply thought of something funny. But this Saturday morning she managed to keep a straight face for the full 18 holes and played the course just as she had planned.

"I had it figured out," she said afterward, "that on every hole I just wanted to get it up to the green in par and down in two putts." She did slightly better than that, finishing with a one-under-par 72

and a very strong-looking three-hole lead.

After lunch it seemed very much as if JoAnne were going to end the day quickly as Barbara missed two short putts and dropped four holes behind. On the 21st tee, Barbara took off her sweater and assumed such a grim expression that the dimples in her cheeks disappeared entirely. With the help of some erratic shots by JoAnne and some lovely and staunch play of her own, she won four of the next five holes. JoAnne, possibly disturbed by the sudden turn of fortune, ran into even more trouble when she happened to play a wrong ball from the rough alongside the 26th green and had to forfeit the hole.

Thereafter, Barbara never lost her lead. By the time she reached the 34th tee, she had a two-hole advantage with only three holes left to play. She thereupon struck one of her finest drives of the day. JoAnne got set to drive, then turned to Barbara with a big grin and said, "If I'm gonna go, I'd better go

now." Her subsequent drive was right alongside Barbara's, but she put her second shot into a bunker by the green. When it finally came her turn to putt, she found herself needing a 12-footer to save the match. As she was lining it up, she looked at the gallery and cracked, "Anybody want to putt this one?" The crowd guffawed, but it groaned a moment later when she missed the putt.

With that, quiet Barbara, one of the most modest women who ever played anything superbly well, was the new champion, and the elaborate Robert Cox Trophy, which is gladly enough to be a memorial to Queen Victoria, will spend the next year in Colorado Springs, Colo., where Barbara has a dress shop. It has been nine years now since anyone other than Barbara (who won in 1959), JoAnne Gunderson or Anne Quast Wells has been the U.S. Amateur champion. From the looks of things by the Kansas seaside last week, the status quo is not about to change.

When Mrs. Wells finally decided to go to Hutchinson it was by her own choice, but she acknowledges that she was strongly influenced by three persons: her husband, David, a Mount Vernon attorney; her physician, and Joe Dey, executive director of the U.S. Golf Association.

David Wells had to overcome a kind of instinctive reluctance to let his wife whip off in the middle of her pregnancy for what could turn out to be as many as eight rounds of golf in six days. "He didn't encourage me," Mrs. Wells explained before the tournament began last week. "But he didn't discourage me either. I think that the trouble was that he had simply never thought of a pregnant woman engaging in championship athletic competition. The idea was completely foreign to him. If I had not been the defending champion I don't believe I would have entered, not because I didn't feel good but because I decided the attention that might come to center on the fact that I was nearly six months pregnant and playing championship golf. I was afraid of a fuss being made over what seems to me a perfectly natural fact. I couldn't bear to think of the possibility of reading newspaper headlines saying, ANNE WELLS, SIX MONTHS PREGNANT, RETAINS NATIONAL TITLE, OF PREGNANT ANNE WELLS KNOCKED OUT OF WOMEN'S NATIONAL. But then finally I said to myself, 'Look, golf is something you've been

playing most of your life. There's no reason to stop playing it now.'

"A key factor in my decision to go ahead and play," said Mrs. Wells, "was the fact that golf is not a strenuous game. It is basically walking, and walking is supposed to be good for pregnant women. My physician, Dr. William V. King of Burlington, Wash., backed up my decision to compete. He told me, 'Pregnancy is certainly a normal condition of life, so why not try to live as you normally do which, for you, means to play golf.'

"Maybe it was fortunate for me that both Dr. King and my husband are avid golfers. If they had not been, one or both might have raised an objection based on the misapprehension that golf is a tough and strenuous game, which it is not. And don't forget that during the first months of my pregnancy I had gone right along handling 108 high school youngsters every day. After that, what's so tough about golf? Finally, a persuasive factor in my deciding to play was a strong sense of obligation, the obligation that any champion feels to return and defend his title. Every champion owes that to the game."

In June, Mrs. Wells wrote to Dey explaining her situation. She asked his advice. He wrote back, saying: "As long as your health is fine, the USGA will be very pleased to have your entry in this year's national tournament."

"If you know Joe Dey," Mrs. Wells said, "you know his restraint and that a statement like that from him is really an open-arms welcome."

Mrs. Wells approached the tournament at least outwardly serene. Her doctor had given her no special advice and no special diet. He had merely cautioned her to get plenty of rest between matches. But since this is precisely what Mrs. Wells has always done, his advice involved nothing out of the ordinary. About the only thing she did differently was to buy a couple of pairs of shorts a bit larger around the waist than usual.

On the eve of the tournament she had two main hopes: that attention would center on her golf, not her pregnancy, and that her putting would be sharp. She wanted the attitude of spectators and fellow players to resemble that of Ross Wilson, who has been the professional at Prairie Dunes Country Club since the club was founded in 1937. Upon first encountering Mrs. Wells at the Hutchinson course Wilson eyed her a moment and said, "I think, my dear, you have a secret. Let us keep it between us, shall we?"

Mrs. Wells got one of her wishes, for her "condition" caused no furor at all. And her putting? Well, she is a stern competitor, and after shooting two 81s she herself might well have said that she putted like a pregnant schoolteacher.

The Scot, the Lad and black-market blood

Speedy Scot and Su Mac Lad of America annihilated foreign opposition in the Roosevelt International amid reports of clandestine Yankee amours in French breeding barns, from which U.S. blood is by law excluded

Fireworks streaked the sky above, and notables glittered below as they munches *arrachées Jamin* last Saturday evening in Roosevelt Raceway's Cloud Casino restaurant. The occasion for this razzle-dazzle was Roosevelt's \$50,000 sixth International trotting race. Unfortunately, the evening dazzled only to deceive. There was no race. Rather, there was a contemptuously easy victory for Speedy Scot, the 1963 Triple Crown champion and undisputed king of American harness racing. Speedy Scot impudently stuck out his tongue, as is his habit, and coasted home in the mile-and-a-quarter International two and a half lengths ahead of the other U.S. entry, the gallant 10-year-old gelding Su Mac Lad.

The foreign horses were left in disarray. Pickwick of West Germany finished third, six lengths back of the winner. Four of the six foreign entries broke stride.

The event emphasized a trend that has become all too familiar, since the first International, with its victory for the artichoke-nibbling French super-horse, Jamin, and the second, in which The Netherlands' Hairois II was the winner. Europe has slapped and America has taken over. So decidedly, in fact, that there seems to be small reason for even one international trotting race in the United States, let alone several. Roosevelt's and the rival events at nearby Yonkers Raceway.

Among them, Saturday's invaders had won 30 of Europe's better races this year. The French were represented by the 8-year-old gelding Martini II, a fast-closing second last year to the winner, Su Mac Lad. He is a burly, tough gelding who has spent much of his time at provincial tracks in France. Martini II was favored among the European horses principally because the shrewd little Hoosier driver, George Sholly, was behind him. Another French entry was Papyrus, a high-gaited 5-year-old gelding up from claiming races. A third French entry, Ozo, was the tall, temperamental mare who in 1963 won Yonkers' Transatlantic Trot (to which American-owned horses are not admitted) and the Prix d'Amérique, Europe's foremost race. It is a measure of Europe's slide that Ozo, despite 12 starts and no wins this season, is still considered the best European trotter.

Sweden was represented by a 6-year-old mare, Okha, and Italy by New Hat, a 7-year-old gelding already racing in the U.S. New Hat was reluctantly chosen for Italy after Roosevelt scouts reported that the 12 best free-for-allers in Italy were expatriate American horses and the 13th best, an Italian, had no chance at all.

But if the truth were told, all the invaders were French-bred. And a knowing insider might add, "not really all French, either." As Ole Gabrielson, one of Roosevelt's hard dogs in Europe, says, "We like to use an American motor in a French body." Since 1937 American breeding stock has been outlawed in France, so Gallic horsemen have been operating an underground of American horses. Nameless American stallions have been shipped over the borders from Germany and Belgium, and these incognito animals, picked for their speed, have helped the French maintain their supremacy in European trotting. When asked about this, the France-based horseman Jonel Chymacos laughed and said, "Of course it's true. Everybody knows we have cheated, but the gov-

HIS TONGUE JAUNTILY POKE OUT, SPEEDY SCOT GETS LEAD AFTER THREE-QUARTERS



ernment. They will not change the rule. Horses with crossed blood are best. It is like young nations. They are better than old ones. Look at America."

Chyriacos shrugged his shoulders and continued, "Our sind book is worth absolutely nothing. But remember the war. We had Russian, German, Polish, English, American soldiers in France. Today we have tall blond men. They are Frenchmen. You can be sure about a mother but a father—well, you never know."

One European horseman recalls hearing the seller of a horse shout at a reluctant customer, "I will swear on my mother's head that this breeding is false." The trouble at Roosevelt was that the breeding wasn't false enough. For the first three-quarters of a mile Stanley Dancer set the pace with Su Mac and Ralph Baldwin kept Speedy Scot right behind him. Going into the clubhouse turn the second time around, Baldwin pulled the strong bay colt outside, and in a flash he was past old Su Mac and in the lead. Behind the two Americans the field was disheveled, with horses making or recovering from breaks all over the track. On the final turn Su Mac had his nose against the back of Driver Ralph Baldwin's neck and he looked as if he might be a menace, but Baldwin's Kentucky colt was too good. When Dancer knew he could not get to the winner, he glanced back. "There was no one around," he said afterward in the paddock.

Of Speedy Scot, Baldwin said, "He's a great horse. He's been a great horse since we first started doing anything with him back when he was 2. When you pull out to go around anyone, he feels like a locomotive."

Baldwin does not himself believe in international racing—although when there is an easy \$25,000 to be plucked, as on Saturday evening, he does not disdain it. He will not, however, enter Speedy Scot in the classic European races this winter.

Baldwin does intend to send Speedy Scot after Greyhound's absolute record of 1:55 3/4 for the mile. Last fall on the red clay track in Lexington, Speedy Scot raced in 1:56 4/5. On October 9, if the weather is clear and the afternoon warm, Ralph Baldwin plans to take Speedy out on the same mile oval to try to beat Greyhound's 26-year-old mark. After Saturday's performance that record looks vulnerable.

END



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HORSE RACING / Whitney Tower

Quadrangle splashes ahead

Paul Mellon's handy colt triumphed over mud in Saratoga's historic Travers. If he keeps winning he may be 1984's 3-year-old champion

The day before Quadrangle won last week's 95th running of the historic Travers at Saratoga, his regular rider, Manuel Ycaza, sat by his locker in the jock's room and, with the deliberate coolness that often marks his riding performances in the afternoon, discussed the horse that he hopes to guide to the season's 3-year-old championship.

"This horse," he began, speaking as much with his strong, well-formed hands as with his appealing, Latin-accented voice, "is not the easiest horse in the world to ride, and he's not the hardest either. You just got to understand him, because he tries to fool you. The thing is that he gets away with it, too. He's big and powerful, but he tries to loaf, and sometimes he tries to loaf whether he's in front or not." Manuel got up to put on clean silks for the next race and then continued, "but this horse and I get along O.K. I understand him now, and tomorrow he won't fool me." Tucking his shirttail in, Ycaza smiled once more and added, "You know, I have the feeling that they will bounce this

horse Hell Rise out of the gate and try to run away from the rest of us. If they do, that will be fine by me, because I can rate Quadrangle anywhere I want, and that means on the lead, or just off it, or from way back." He waved his whip and walked out to ride.

While Saratogians partied, played and whooped it up Friday night, the rains came. Early Saturday morning, after Quadrangle galloped slowly once around the muddy track, Elliott Burch, who trains him for Virginia Sportsman and financier Paul Mellon, sipped nervously at a cup of coffee and gave an appraisal of his own. "I don't like to see any big, important race run in the mud, because the results aren't always true. Sure, we won the Pimlico Futurity by 10 lengths in the slop, but in doing it Quadrangle left practically all his equipment on the track. He has a habit of 'running down' [driving his heels through the soft topsoil and scraping his fetlocks]." Burch, who can be as nervous as Ycaza is cool, looked at the Travers entry list and then at the falling rain. "This track," he



moaned, "moves Knightly Manner up 10 lengths."

With 22,356 in attendance on a dully wet afternoon, it remained for Quadrangle himself to make the day a complete success for both Yeara and Burch and Owner Mellon. He was the 3-to-10 favorite in this five-horse field, and at the start of the classic mile-and-a-quarter race Yeara quickly showed that he had kept at least one trick up his canary-yellow silk sleeves. "I wanted Pierce on Hill Rise to think that I was going to take the lead from the gate," he said later. "So I hustled out of the gate real good. Just as soon as Pierce saw me he sent Hill Rise in me. That's exactly what I wanted, because now I folded up on my horse and tucked him in two lengths behind Hill Rise, where I wanted to be."

For the first mile of the Travers that was just about the way the field held: Hill Rise pumping along in the lead, with Quadrangle second but always within challenging distance. Knightly Manner, meanwhile, had started last but moved up to third rounding the far turn, and when the three of them went into their drives, one of the best horse races of the year was on. In the stretch run, with Hill Rise on the inside, Quadrangle in the middle and Knightly Manner flying over the mud on the outside, the trio brought the crowd to its feet in a long, excited roar.

His pace-setting role in the stop-slowly took its toll of Hill Rise, however, and it remained for Knightly Manner

continued

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HORSE RACING

to provide the finishing thrill. Under a brilliant drive by Jockey Howard Grant, the son of Round Table was gaining slowly on Quadrangle, who led by a length at the eighth pole. Grant cut the margin to half a length at the 16th pole. Yeaza had hit Quadrangle a few times up to then, but he settled down to a punishing hand ride. Knightly Manner hung over so slightly at the 70-yard marker and never did get closer. Quadrangle took home the winner's purse of \$52,032.50 by the same half length, while Knightly Manner was a length ahead of Hill Rise. The two other starters, Portefolio and Ramant, were another 12 lengths up the track as Quadrangle won his fifth race in 11 starts this season, in 2:04 2/5.

"He is supposed to like the slop," said a jubilant Yeaza afterward, "but I really don't think he does. He was sliding and slipping all over the place. I think he would have done much better on a fast track."

Quadrangle should get his fast track when he tackles the big guns of the handicapper division in such weight-for-age races this fall as the Woodward and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, but at the moment it looks as though a decisive meeting between the Belmont Stakes and Travers winner and Kentucky Derby winner Northern Dancer may not come off this year, if ever. Just before he was scheduled to be shipped to Saratoga, Northern Dancer went out for a work at Belmont Park on an off track and somehow managed to rap himself. The wound did not respond fully to treatment, and at the moment it is doubtful that Northern Dancer will ever get back to the races.

Who then winds up as the 3-year-old champion—an early-season sensation who goes on the shelf in July or a mid-summer sensation who howls them over in the fall? Horatio Luro, trainer of Northern Dancer, knows that a horse's most recent races are foremost in the pollsters' minds when November voting time comes around. "I do hope they do not forget those many fine races Northern Dancer won," he says. "He was so terrific for so long." However, the ability to survive a rigorous season is an important quality in any champion, and certainly Quadrangle is fully sound now and always has been. Even more important is the fact that he appears ready for a strong fall campaign.

END



BRIDGE / Charles Goren

The captain is back on deck

The week of the Summer Nationals was a happy one for my friend John Gerber of Houston. First, the American Contract Bridge League's board of directors renamed him nonplaying captain of the team for the 1965 world championship. Then Gerber went out and proved that he knew exactly what his players are up against by winning the first event on the tournament schedule—the Masters Mixed Team championship.

The nonplaying captain of a world championship team has the same headache as the manager of a World Series ball team: if his team wins, his players get the credit; if his team loses, he gets the blame. But in neither case is he compensated by a Series share.

Gerber's reappointment as captain was sweet vindication. He had captained our teams in 1962 in New York and 1963 in St. Vincent, finishing second to Italy each time. In both

these events he acted with the courage of his convictions, changing his lineup when he thought it essential to do so. In 1962 the shake-up almost made up a deficit; in 1963 it immediately preceded our losing the lead and resulted in considerable second-guessing on the part of experts who did not know the reasons behind the change. Knowing the facts, I am reminded of the bum rap pinned on Henie Zimmerman when he chased a runner across home plate. Overlooked was the fact that the plate had been left uncovered. "Who was I supposed to throw to?" Henie asked. "The umpire!"

In my book Gerber rates as probably the best captain we have ever had, and I am glad that the league officials persuaded him to change his decision never to take the job again.

Johnny's stout heart and resourceful mind showed to advantage in this week's hand, which helped his team—Margaret Wagar, Emma Jean Hawes and Dr. John Fisher—win the Mixed Team title by a skinny quarter of a point.

After winning the first club trick, West wisely shifted to a trump. The queen of clubs forced West's ace, but Gerber's hope of ruffing a club in dummy was dashed when West returned a trump. That left declarer with two apparent losers—a heart and a club—and he could afford only one.

But when Gerber played out his trumps, West began to feel the pressure. With all hands down to five cards, West held three hearts and the guarded club 10, having correctly discarded his diamond ace. Gerber had in his hand a trump, two hearts and the jack-9 of clubs. When Gerber played his last trump, West was in a straitjacket. A club discard would be immediately fatal, and a small heart discard would have left him with king-queen alone, enabling Gerber to establish dummy's hearts by simply ducking a heart to West. The defender did his best by discarding the queen of hearts. But Gerber had diagnosed the situation perfectly. He led a low heart. West played the 7, and North took the ace and returned a heart, putting West in with the king for the fatal club lead. Nor would it have helped West to put the king of hearts on the first heart lead. Gerber would have ducked and dummy's hearts would win the balance.

EXTRA TRICK

When you are vulnerable, a preemptive opening bid should be able to win within two tricks of the bid. But it is proper to count a trick in such a suit as South's clubs, so the opening preempt was entirely correct.

END

Both vulnerable
South dealer

WEST			EAST
SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
(Gerber)		(Mrs. Wagar)	
3♦	DOUBLE	PASS	4♦
PASS	PASS	4♦	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: club king



THE PRIDE OF KID GALAHAD, INC.

Not only the pride but the kid himself, Jim Beattie is a stilt-tall boxer backed by a syndicate of enthusiastic amateurs. They hope to make him heavyweight champion

BY JACK OLSEN

James J. Beattie, 6 feet 9 inches in altitude, 240 pounds in avoidance, 22 years in age, hushed of voice and handsome as Marshal Dillon, stretched his long frame across a chair and a table and talked about his chosen craft. "Boxing takes more dedication than a normal man would put out. But I'm a nut. I like it. You've got to be obsessed and single-minded. You do this by continually remembering what the end result would be: fame and money, the things you want to do for your family. I want to better boxing. I'm a big white heavyweight. I'm not an ex-strikebreaker. I'm not a hoodlum. I'm not a black Muslim. I haven't even got a police record."

James J. Beattie is in training to be

the heavyweight champion of the world. He was plucked out of nowhere by a group of boxing buffs who moved him from St. Paul to New York, put him in experienced hands, laid on a rigorous training schedule and did everything but anoint him with oil. The timetable calls for him to be a ranking contender in about two years and heavyweight champion in about three. The schedule may work out, and lightning may strike the church steeple, but there are no vast sums being bet on either possibility.

At a quick glance, Beattie does not even resemble a heavyweight prospect. He has markedly short arms for a man of his height; he is slope-shouldered and tends to thickness in the waist; his legs appear somewhat ornamental for a man of his bulk. He has what his young lady

a cartoon by

friends in the Greenwich Village espresso shops like to describe as a "souful" look. His face is unmarked, his nose unsmashed. He is gentle and kindly in his ways, and so agreeable that making conversation with him is as relaxing as an hour in a sauna. He likes to discuss theology, philosophy, sociology and girls, but he also believes that the proper study of James J. Beattie is James J. Beattie, and he will discourse for hours on the forces that shaped him and the path he is taking. He lives in a small apartment next to Central Park in a section of New York not exactly famous for its masculinity, a fact that used to disturb him.

"When I first moved in here," he recalls, "I put on my gold sweater, slacks, dark glasses and tennis shoes and went out for a walk. Was I an attraction?"

He is not overly sensitive about his height, but he does not like the way certain New Yorkers, in a patronizing, superior manner, make audible remarks about him as he walks down the street. "One day when I first got here I was walking along the street, when here come three guys. One of them had per-

coiled hair down to his shoulders and lavender tuxedo pants, and he wiggled like Marilyn Monroe. I figured he'd get some stares and then somebody would get a net and take him away. But he went completely unnoticed. People were too busy looking at me! And some guy said, 'Holy cripes, look at the size a dat guy!' They don't know it, but I could have a tremendous complex about my size. I could be almost a sick boy, yet they say crude things like that. But that's New Yorkers. They're so smug. They think New York is the beginning and the end of civilization. They're the biggest hicks in the world, and New York is the world's biggest hick town."

Beattie the Heavyweight Hopeful is the creation of Gene Schoor, an energetic, enterprising New York City writer, restaurateur, public relations man, former amateur fighter and the general brain behind Kid Galahad, Inc., an organization which aims to clean up boxing, develop a new heavyweight champion and maybe even pick up a buck along the way. As Schoor explains it, the late President Kennedy provided the impetus for the project. Researching

his book *Young John Kennedy*, Schoor spent a day in Washington with the President, and the conversation turned to youth, with Schoor complaining that too many people were shutting the door on youngsters and giving them no chance. "In five minutes this guy had his arm around me," Schoor says, his eyes sparkling over the pleasant memory, "and he told me, 'Gene, it's not true. Damn it, it's not true, because we have more opportunities for kids than ever in the history of this country. Look at the space business alone. We got millions of opportunities for kids. But they got to be shown, they got to be guided, they got to be helped. If you get the kids when they're young,' he said, quote, 'why, hell, the kid walking down the street could be the next astronaut.'"

"And I said, 'Of the next President of the United States.'"

"And he said, 'Yes, Gene, or the next heavyweight champion of the world.'"

"I was walking on clouds for days," Schoor goes on. "He put a bug in my head. Sitting at Johnny Johnston's restaurant one day—that's the restaurant my partners and I own—we were talking about what the President said, and one of my partners said, 'Why don't we do something about the state of boxing? Let's go out and look for a fighter.'"

Schoor went to *The New York Times* in January 1962 to place an ad in the sports section:

\$10,000 A YEAR WHILE YOU LEARN . . .

A newly formed syndicate of sportsmen and businessmen is anxious to sponsor the next heavyweight champion.

This group of sportsmen will underwrite all expenses of the chosen candidates and will pay a salary of \$10,000 a year for the full training period.

If you are between 19 and 25 years of age—if you weigh upwards of 186 pounds—if you are at least 6 feet tall—then you qualify for an interview. The men we choose for training might make a million dollars. But our trainers (the best in the world) will subject the body of the candidate to fantastically strenuous conditioning. Also the mind and morals of the chosen ones will be under rigid discipline. This will be no hay ride—but the stakes are big.

Write or phone Mr. Phil Krugan [Schoor's partner], Johnny Johnston's Steak House, 846 Second Avenue, N.Y.C.



A fighter who likes to talk, Beattie occasionally drops into Greenwich Village coffeehouses for long discussions on theology, philosophy, and sociology, as he does here with Marlene Allen.

The *Tower* thought the ad was mingling and asked one of its editorial personnel to telephone Schoor and question him. "I started to ad-lib right there," says Schoor, who at the moment of placing the ad had had little more than an idea, a restaurant and a shoeshine. "I told the *Times* I have got a syndicate and we've got \$100,000 I want to develop a knight in shining armor. I want to show what a couple of businessmen can do without being gangsters or huns. You don't have to be a Franko Carbo or a Blimky Palermo, et cetera." The *Times*, bedazzled by Schoor's rhetoric, ran a long Sunday article about the Kid Galahad project, and Johnny Johnston's steak house was limed into a roaring cacophony.

"The phones never stopped ringing for a week," Schoor says. "Customers—short, fat, tall, dark, skinny, even women—said, 'How do I look?' and they'd start to shadowbox. There were letters, phone calls, wires from all over the country, from Australia, Germany, every place. We were struggling to run a new restaurant, and we didn't know where the hell we'd get any kind of money. My partners said, 'Hey, what did you do? What happened? What are we gonna do about all this?'"

Three months passed, and what they did was nothing. "We didn't have the money to do anything," says Schoor. Then a wealthy New York construction man entered stage left. The builder likes nothing more than to hire the once and future kings of boxing, paying them good money as laborers, and at any given time he is likely to have a dozen or two on his payroll, in much the same manner that other men collect Indian-head pennies. "He came in and he said, 'How much would you need to bring in the first batch of, let's say, 15 kids?'" Schoor recalls. "I said between \$3,000 and \$5,000. The next day he handed me \$5,000. I said, 'What the hell is this?' He said, 'It's \$5,000! God! I turned red, blue, green, I almost fainted. I'd seen big money before, but I thought he would give me \$30 to make a phone call.'"

With the builder as the money man, Kid Galahad, Inc., was off the ground. Schoor hired Fred (Fat Freddie) Fierro,

trainer of Billy Conn, Joey Maxim, Gus Lesnevich and other name fighters, he brought in Ray Arcel as a consultant and veteran Fight Manager Charley Bauer (conveniently employed as a construction foreman for the builder) as an assistant. The first batch of 15 knights in shining armor, advance guard of an eventual contingent of 62, was brought into New York, put up in a hotel, studied, tested, appraised and urged to eat all the steaks they could eat at Johnny Johnston's steak house.

None of this happened in primeval silence. The newspapers were festooned with stories and interviews. "I rate myself the top one," Candidate Sheldon Saffron of Windsor, Ont., told the press. "Why should I degrade myself? Be sure to say I'll be the first Jewish heavyweight champion. My father says Max Bauer wasn't Jewish."

John Williams, a 235-pound Florida Negro with eight children, told reporters he was going to become heavyweight champion of the world and then turn to preaching. "Those children," he said disarmingly, "they taught me to be a man and I want to do something for them."

Candidate Ted Williams of The Bronx observed that he was interested in cars, and after he became champion "I wouldn't get me no big Cadillac, but I'd like one of those little foreign cars like a Jaguar or an MG."

They were all living on dreams, and dreams were what they wound up with. At Bobby Gleason's Gym ("No Smoking or Spitting on the Floor") a board of judges consoling of Schoor and Fierro studied the hovers and found them, with a single exception, wanting. The exception was Jim Donlinger, a young seminarian from Winona, Minn. "He walked in one day," Schoor says, "and he was a darling-looking kid, Billy Conn's twin brother. We have a big colored boy, 6 feet 3, 210, and Donlinger punched the stuff out of him, punched the stuff out of every kid we had in the gym. I said, 'This is it. We got the boy.' But he still wanted to be a priest. I kept saying, 'Jimmy, as a boxer you can still be a priest later on after you retire. Think of it, as the heavyweight champion of the world and a priest, your parish could be the most successful, the most famous, you can do more for the people. Any-

continued



In the living room of her small but pleasantly neat St. Paul home, Bratner's mother Dolly measures her 6-foot 9-inch son for an oversized woolen sweater she has been knitting for him.



Relaxed and for once seeming to enjoy himself in the ring, Beattie passes a hard left to the jaw of Heber Wallfish as he is second of two TKOs over the carefully chosen opponent

way, I lost the decision to the superior fathers of St. Mary's. He went back to school."

Schoor got on the phone to Dr. Edwin L. Haislet, director of alumni activities at the University of Minnesota and former boxing coach at the school. "I said, 'Now damn it, Ed, you're in the land of Paul Bunyan.' So help me, this is what I said: 'Ed, there must be some 6-foot 12-inch guy sitting someplace, damn it,' I said, 'I saw those football players at Minnesota, they don't run anything under seven feet tall.' I said, 'You must have some son of a gun not doing anything.' He said, 'Gene, there is a kid sitting on his tail in St. Paul, the Upper Midwest Golden Gloves champ three years in a row, a great-looking kid, a little clumsy, white, six nine, 245, 20 years old.' I said, 'Hold the phone!'"

Via the mails Schoor put the hard sell on the new prospect through Dr. Haislet. A letter to Haislet noted: "In my estimation one of the very vital points in bringing a youngster along is the ability to pick opponents and to 'nurse' the boy along slowly but steadily.

To that end my very best friend promotes in two boxing clubs. Both clubs sponsor regular weekly boxing shows—and I select my new opponents." Schoor wrote Haislet that Madison Square Garden Matchmakers Teddy Brenner and Harry Markson were interested in using Kid Galahad fighters in the Garden "again with suitable opponents I okay." Within a year, the voluble Schoor added, the boxer "would be a national figure . . . and not necessarily have to fight a single tough opponent." If all that was not enough to sell Haislet and the fighter on the project, Schoor pointed out that the trainee would be paid \$158 a week as a construction worker, that all training tabs would be picked up "and the boy eats 57 steaks at Johnny Johnston's steak house at no charge."

It took every one of these blandishments to convince James J. Beattie, then 20, to make the trip, even though Kid Galahad, Inc., agreed to give him a free ride and take only one-third of his purses. He was not, at that period of his life, an overly joyous young man. He had left his church after a difference

of opinion with his priest—"he thought he could advise me on nonreligious affairs, and I thought he wasn't infallible in things like that," Beattie had won 50 of 55 amateur fights, and two out of two as a professional, but for months he had not been able to get a fight. He was suffering from claustrophobia so severe that he wore a medallion around his neck warning anyone "in a position to incarcerate" him that he would require immediate medical attention if he were closed in. He had even made a study of elevators to learn how to make escapes from them if they stalled ("there's always a hatch you can get out, and then there's a release lever you can push to open the doors"). Minneapolis police, in a bungling case of mistaken identity, had arrested him as a payroll robber and kept him in the drunk tank for an entire afternoon, an experience that left him shaking and sobbing for two days. On top of that he had asthma, a tendency to injury and a chronically bad back, with five vertebrae out of place. With all these liabilities, he came to New York in April 1963, tried out in front of Schoor and Ferro in the gym and, in Schoor's words, "punched the stuff out of everybody."

The bean trust called an immediate council of war, and Schoor announced: "Fellows, this is our boy, and no ifs, ands or buts." The remaining fighters in the Kid Galahad project were handed honorable discharges, and the drums began to roll. An early publicity release set the pattern.

"Beattie is taller than Carnera and hits like a pile driver. Stories of his fighting prowess are as legendary as the great northwest hero Paul Bunyan—but Beattie is a better puncher. As a frail 195-pounder he took on all comers in a traveling circus at 16 and, needless to say, he knocked out 30 successive challengers in 30 nights—including some of the biggest and toughest Swedes and Norwegians in the Northwest. The circus owner finally fired Jan for knocking down one of the circus horses with a blow from his powerful fists!"

Minnesota sportswriters, who had known Beattie as a fine amateur but something less than a Paul Bunyan, rose

continued



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Leather-like
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The new knitted oxford by **VAN HEUSEN**

in a unanimity of annoyance. Wrote Don Riley of the *St. Paul Pioneer Press*: "Blood curdling, isn't it? Too bad it's not true. . . . Madison Ave. blurb factories still treat their country cousins like rubes from nowhere." George Edmond of the *St. Paul Dispatch* charged that the public relations experts around Beattie had been "careless about ethical standards." And another home-town writer put it bluntly. Beattie, he wrote, "is no legitimate heavyweight contender. He'll never be a champion and I pray that he will never be hurt before he finds out."

D Haislet fired a letter at Schoor: "Gene, you have me worried. Your hallyhoo is a work of art—and at that you are the expert. But the hallyhoo is timed wrong—putting the pressure on you to bounce and on Jim to be a good fighter, able and ready to do all you have talked about. It is all wrong—introducing the boy as the 'next heavyweight champion'—all the publicity. Jim is out of the amateur ranks (where he never was quite the best) and when he's not yet 21 years old. . . . You could get him knocked off so easily. Jim is still a big awkward boy, gifted with a heavy hand, and a desire to be a fighter. He is not a natural fighter—potential, yes, but underdeveloped. At this point a fast, sleek boxer could make him look like a rank amateur—and then where is Kid Galahad?"

Haislet asked that the boy be given six months of training, then six weeks of rest, including a trip to Europe, and then a fight or two, followed by another training period until he had been given enough time "to learn his trade, mature, and become psychologically and physiologically ready."

Schoor felt no less strongly that Beattie should be brought along slowly, but his plan was to fight the boy occasionally in out-of-town bouts against "carefully selected" opponents as part of the training process. At first, Beattie made Schoor's approach look good by winning three straight fights by knockouts. Then, on a hot and humid night in Saratoga Springs, in front of half a dozen

New York sportswriters, Haislet's prophetic warning came true. The opponent was John Barraza, sparmate of George Chuvalo, a ranking heavyweight contender. The kindest words that boxing people had been able to say about Barraza was that he was a "catcher," a fighter who could take punishment. For two rounds Barraza confirmed his reputation, taking a fearful beating about the head from Beattie's vicious fists. But in the third round Beattie suddenly stopped pitching and started catching, and soon he was all but immobile as Barraza pounded at will to the vast maddening. "He hurt me, yes, he did hurt me," Beattie recalls with chagrin. "I was exhausted, I could see three of him coming at me, but I couldn't get out of the way." At the end of the fifth round Referee Arthur Mercante awarded Barraza a TKO, and an ambulance was called to take Beattie to the hospital, where he was placed in an oxygen tent. Doctors discovered that his foot, injured in training, was broken in three places. Unable to pivot, he had been a stationary target. Schoor remembers trying to shake Beattie out of his lethargy in the hospital. "I told him, 'You didn't lose because of your foot. You lost because you were not in shape. And let this be a lesson to you!'" Beattie has two vivid memories of his trip to the hospital: "I remember Freddie Fierro sitting in the ambulance with tears in his eyes, and I remember Schoor saying to me, 'Every boxing writer in the state was there,' and, 'You quit, you quit on me.'"

In the light of the subsequent publicity Schoor's anguish was understandable. Jack Mann felt constrained to remind the 400,000 readers of the *New York Herald Tribune* that *The Harder They Fall* was not about James J. Beattie. "He can't play Budd Schulberg's classic patsy because he's smart enough to do something else for a living," Mann wrote. "He should."

Murray Robinson, in the *New York Journal-American*, observed that the fight had "exploded another ring bubble, the brain child of a New York press agent and his partners. . . . I use the past tense in referring to him as a fighter."

Beattie's first opponent after the Saratoga

Spring disaster was Al Alberts, a boxer whose name does not appear in *The Ring Record Book*, largely because Al Alberts is not his real name. Other easy opponents came and went (three potential opponents were turned down by the Massachusetts Boxing Commission as unfit), and Beattie rolled up a string of seven straight knockouts, making his overall professional record read, to date: 11 wins, 10 knockouts, one loss by TKO.

Though not all agree, many of boxing's insiders are satisfied that Schoor's system of heavy training and occasional fights is as good a way as any to bring the big fighter along ("It was good enough for Marcano," said one. "It oughta be good enough for Beattie.") Beattie's opponents may be stubs, but they are also Beattie's peers. As Schoor points out, "We are fighting kids that can beat Jim. Take, for example, we fought a kid named Frank Davis, and we told Jim the only way he could get hurt was to walk into a wild overhand right. Well, he walked out into a wild overhand right and went down. He got up, and Davis knocked him down again. Then Jim got up and knocked Davis out. Jim could very easily have lost that fight, but he showed something. I try to match him against opponents of his own experience and against opponents who can teach him something."

Not that every Beattie fight has been a tutorial success. In his New York debut Beattie knocked out one Duke Johnson of Red Bank, N.J., with the first punch of the fight, at 24 seconds of the first round. Johnson, it developed, had been put to rest in seven of his previous 13 fights, and the commission doctor recommended strongly that he seek some other means of gainful employment.

The main difficulty presented by a record consisting of 10 KOs over the likes of Duke Johnson is that it offers no yardstick by which to evaluate the fighter. "Can he hit?" asks a hanger-on at Gleason's, where Beattie works out daily. "Whadda we know? He's only been fightin' punchin' bags. Dolores Del Rio'd look good against a punchin' bag." A New York heavyweight who was asked to hire on as a sparmate for

continued

Beattie said, "I turned them down. I ain't no fool. Maybe someday I'll fight him and get a big, fat payday. You can hit this guy easy with a right hand." But veteran Manager Al Braverman says, "This kid is a handsome white giant who can punch. As if that isn't enough, the kid's intelligent." Charley Goldman, who trained Marciano, says, "This kid could be just the thing to get boxing healthy. He's got a nice left, but he's slow—maybe too slow. And they could be bringing him along too fast. He

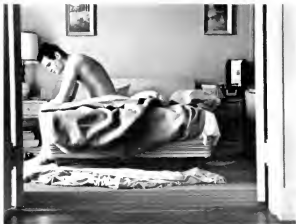
be talking so big about me. Who the hell is Jim Beattie? I might get up against a really tough top-name opponent and go completely to pieces, totally out of my mind. Maybe I can't take it. They don't know that. They don't know whether I'm gonna get into a fight and start making amateur mistakes because the pressure eats my nerves out. They don't know. I know I'm not yellow, but they don't know it. I'll speak for every boxer that climbed into a ring: there's the tension, the nervousness, almost downright

on the neighborhood baseball teams, while Jim cringed with shame. "One day when I was about 14 my brother Davey talked his team into letting me play first base, and I got a single my first time up. Then I got to second base and the bases were loaded. So what do I do with the bases loaded? I try to steal third. The guy on third headed for home, and they tagged him out. I ran back toward second but the guy on first was coming into second; so they tagged us both out. That made it a triple play, and the batter hadn't even swung at the ball yet. That one play gives you an idea of what kind of a baseball player I was. You can laugh, but there was nothing funny about it to me. I felt I was letting the whole family down.

"I remember an incident long before that one—when I was 5 or 6 years old. They were all out playing baseball, and I was sitting there watching and I'm saying to myself, 'I wish I could play. Boy, I wish I could play!' And then some idiot bread said, 'Why don't you play ball with your brothers? You're not any good like your brothers.' Then I got mad. I said, 'Don't worry, I'm gonna be a prizefighter some day.' I was years old! Things that are said to you at that age form you. Your mind is like jelly—putty like, impressionable."

Beattie's problem in his teens was that he was growing too fast; his coordination did not keep up with his statistics. "I'm still not mature," he says, "and I won't be till I'm 24, 25. It takes a big man longer. But aside from that, I'm all right now. The asthma's gone. The chiropractor's fixing up my bad back. The broken foot is healed. I'm a freak in only one respect—that I'm abnormally large."

Beattie remains overly sensitive, and is given to long, brooding conversations over coffee, preferably with gals. Although he started boxing as a 14-year-old amateur and he calls boxing "my life, the thing I really live for," he is also concerned about his image. "People think all fighters are Cauliflower McPug on *The Red Skelton Show*," he says with disgust. "When people find out I'm a fighter they back off a little bit and they look at me and they wait for me to start picking things out of the air. It's terrible."



Alone in the bedroom of his West Side New York apartment, a contemplative Beattie ponders the meaning of his life and his future in the ring as he slowly shaves for another workout

should be fighting in the sticks, where he can come along slow, build up his confidence and get those press notices without getting hurt." The consensus is that he is a legitimate prospect in a very early stage.

As for Jim Beattie, he is more than commonly aware of what is happening around him, and is honest about himself as to be almost an affront to boxing, where honesty is not recognized as one of the nobler virtues. Beattie looks back on all the drum rolls and trumpet volleys and says simply, "They shouldn't

stark fear. There's nothing in the world as real as fear. Fear is the one thing. And my own fear isn't a fear of getting hurt. That's never bothered me. I'm afraid of looking bad."

Beattie ignores that the fear of looking bad might have some connection with his childhood when, for a period, he did look bad. His father and two brothers were excellent baseball players, and Jim, the middle brother, could not get the hang of the game. But the family was close-knit and loyal, and the Beattie boys kept trying to inflict their hapless brother

He is enthusiastically indifferent about certain suggestions that he will go to Hollywood as a western hero when his highly publicized boxing career is over. "I think it's a bunch of baloney myself," he says. "It would be a real lark, a world of fun, but I don't think I'm the Hollywood type. Sometimes I wonder what I would do if all this comes to an end, if I get a big fight and get clobbered. What then? Well, if it all came tumbling down I really don't know how I could take it. Probably I'd go to school and try to become a teacher—history or social studies. But you don't have to be a great fighter to make a fortune nowadays. I can make enough money in one fight to retire financially for the rest of my natural life, and I'm looking forward to that day. Right now I'm realizing the one dream of my life: boxing. But I don't think anybody can keep up this tremendous love for the sport, for any sport. There's a pot of gold waiting for me. Maybe someday I'll be a great fighter, maybe I won't. But even if I'm not, I can still make a fortune."

To make a fortune, and to help his backers recover the \$60,000 they have in Kid Galahad, Inc., James J. Beattie eventually would have to step into the ring against the likes of Eddie Machen, Doug Jones and Floyd Patterson, the rated contenders. If he is worried about the prospect, he does not show it. "I figure they'll bring me along right, so that I'll be ready for whatever comes," he says. "I don't lose any sleep worrying about it."

He has had one recurrent dream. "I dreamed I was fighting Doug Jones. In a street fight. I hit him and hit him and hit him and hit him. The fight developed like a nightmare. I couldn't hurt him. I couldn't hurt him. I hit him with everything, and I couldn't hurt the guy." If the Doug Jones-Jim Beattie fight ever comes off, one can only hope that another part of Beattie's recurrent dream will come true. As Beattie remembers the dream, "Jones never hurt me, either." It is said that the dreamer composes his own dreams, and sometimes they are the stuff that life is made on.

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

NATIONAL LEAGUE It is supposedly best to let sleeping dogs lie, and last week the SAN FRANCISCO GIANTS (11-6) rehearsed that lesson the hard way. The Giants, who lost six straight games on weak pitching (19 runs allowed) and reckless holding by such old standbys as Willie Mays and Del Crandall, fell to third place when they aroused a drowsy River named Frank Robinson of the CINCINNATI REDS (16-9). Robby, who was draped up to ease an aching back and overslept because of it, arrived at Candlestick Park just in time to be plunked by a pitch in the first inning. Annoyed, he considered belting the pitcher, but teammates convinced him to wait for his revenge. He got it: Robinson hit three homers against San Francisco in a three-game sweep and helped his team into second place with a .360 BA. Robinson's hitting backed up tight pitching (only 13 runs allowed), particularly by reliever Sammy Ellis (two wins) and Jim O'Toole, who shut out the Giants, 1-0, for once, the NEW YORK METS were really arriving. Casey's team won five of six with strong hitting (.327 average) and five straight complete games from the pitching staff. The best job came from rookie Dennis Ribant, who struck out 10 Pirates in a five-hit shutout. The Mets' holding was improved, too (no unearned runs allowed), particularly behind the plate, where Chris Cannizzaro, who replaced good-but no-hold Jesse Gonder, did not allow any stolen bases and hit .364. The Mets' streak knocked the PITTSBURGH PIRATES (12-7) out of the pennant race. The Bucs lost six to New York and Philadelphia when the hitters were shut out three times, scoring only seven runs all. The PHILADELPHIA PHILLIES (15-3) took advantage of the Giants' slump to open up a 6½-game lead. Left-hander Chris Short won twice, 2-0 and 8-1, to lower his ERA to 1.80, second only to Sindy Koussis' 1.74, the best in the league.

Their LOUISIANA CARDINALS (14-3) went two games, thanks to reliable lefties Ray Sadeck and Curt Simmons. This moved the Cards into fourth place. The NEW YORK BRONX also won four of seven when Manager Bobby Bragan decided to balance his shaky pitching by jacking up his already potent lineup. He moved Henry Aaron to second base, making room for Felipe Alou in the outfield, and Aaron responded by fielding errorlessly and hitting .444. As attendance figures finally slumped below last year's record-setting pace and the Dodgers fell 13½ games out of first, LOS ANGELES (18-2-5) Owner Walter O'Malley began talking of big trades this winter and a new look for the Dodgers at '65. Ron Santo (.407) and Billy Williams (.400) continued to hit and ace opposing pitchers, but they could not make up for the CUBS' (13-4) own generous staff, which allowed 40 runs. The NEW YORK COLTS (3-3) played well in the clutch, winning three one-run games, but lost their other three games when they could score only six runs against their opponents' 16.

AMERICAN LEAGUE Left-hander Mackey Lolich of the DETROIT TIGERS (4-2) has two jobs: he pitches for Charlie Dressen, and he drives a truck for Uncle Sam. Last week, the two jobs conflicted when Lolich was called for his two-week National Guard summer training, scheduled to pitch in the second game of a two-night doubleheader; he got up at 5 a.m., took his turn at the wheel of an Army truck and then hopped a plane for Detroit. Lolich made it to the park in time for the game, and it looks like Army life is doing him good. He threw a three-hit, 10-unerror, 1-0 shutout at the Angels and helped boost the Tigers into fourth place. The rest of Detroit's pitching was as tight as Lolich's, allowing only 13 runs. Even the losers did well: hard-luck Hank Aguirre

pitched another three-hitter and lost 1-0. The LOS ANGELES ANGELS' 12-5 pitching was almost as good as Detroit's (19 runs allowed), but it was not good enough. Angel hitters produced only nine runs and batted .173, as the team fell into the second division for the first time since mid-July. Jim Kaat and Camille Pasquel both pitched one-run games, and Don Moncher, making his annual bid for the starting job at first base, hit .450 with two homers and six RBIs, as the SEATTLE TWINS (13-1) moved back into fifth place. In a topsy-turvy battle to keep out of the cellar, the KANSAS CITY ATHLETICS (4-3), who fell into 10th place for the 11th time two weeks ago, threatened to climb out again on the relief pitching of Wes Stock (two wins) and the hitting of Wayne Conway (.519) and Jim Gentile (four HRs, .412). The WASHINGTON SENATORS (1-4) were falling back to meet the A's. The Nats out-hit their opponents, 33-32, but could not produce with men on base, scoring only 10 runs. The pitching was shaky too, as four pitchers were required in three of the losses. The CHICAGO INDIANS (4-3) needed a five-hitter by Sonny Siebert and a four-hitter by Dick Donovan at the end of the week to halt a slide into eighth. Cleveland pitching allowed only six runs in the wins, but in the losses, Brdicz Teghtens' staff could not get anyone out and gave up 33 runs to the A's and Twins. The masters Red Sox, who also won four of seven, played a hand in the pennant race by beating the Yanks and Orioles twice each. Dick Radtke won two of them and was credited with a save in a third. The scramble at the top between the NEW YORK ORIOLES (3-3), the CHICAGO WHITE SOX (5-2) and the NEW YORK YANKEES (2-6, see page 14) left the Yanks gasping 5½ games out in third place after a six-game losing streak, while the other two teams bounced in and out of first.



CHRISTOPHER: NINE YEARS TO-BY

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

Met Outfielder Joe Christopher is from St. Croix in the Virgin Islands, which, according to the airlines, is only a few hours from New York. But Joe evidently never read the ads, because it took him nine years to make the trip. He spent time in places like Lansett, Neth and Salt Lake City, always hitting around .300. Christopher figured he could hit .300 in the majors too, but he did not—not with the Pirates (or later with the Mets). So it was back to the minors, Syracuse and Buffalo this time, where he hit about .300 again and still got nowhere. Then last summer in Buffalo, Billy Herman changed Christopher's backswing and taught him to swing at the ball instead of the

pitcher's motion. Joe, who has the widest grin and the biggest dimples as baseball's fastest player to smile about. With his new swing, he played the second half of the season and finished with a .288 average and 19 homers. Kept on the Mets' roster this spring because he had no more options left, Christopher received the break he needed when injuries opened a spot in the New York outfield. He moved into his starting lineup in May and has refused to budge. Hitting around .300 with 10 home runs since then, Christopher last week led the Mets on a five-game winning streak with a .440 average and six RBIs. It moved him up to fifth in the batting race with .314. Joe simply smiled and said, "That's what I've been saying. I knew I could do it all along."



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the most luxurious machine in fast motoring. Getting back to that medallion, read it now and then: "1964 GT Winner Rallye Monte-Carlo." Quickens the pulse. Boosts the ego.



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

RAVAGED RIVER

Says

A word to commend Robert Boyle's superb piece, *The Hudson River* (Aug. 17). The writing is excellent, the knowledge is impressive and the organization admirable. I am no fisherman, but I am an amateur of rivers and am moved by the feeling that Mr. Boyle has for the mysteries as well as the material aspects of his subject.

His account of the pollution of this wonderful river moved me to rage and shame, and I hope his report, all the more eloquent for its quiet tone, will move others more directly concerned with the Hudson to demand reform in the care of our inland and coastal waters. It is good to see this report of earnest, devoted, patient work already going on to correct the ravages resulting from industrial and municipal indifference.

PAUL HORGAN

Madison, Conn.

• Our thanks to Pulitzer Prize-winning (*Great River: The Rio Grande in North American History*) River-Writer Horgan, who has just published a new novel, *Thunder As They Are* (Harrar, Sefaus & Company, 54 50)—E.D.

JUST ABOUT

Says

In the picture illustrating Peter Scott's true story on the British Challenge (the *Man in Lake Di Back*, Aug. 24), it looks to me as though *Americon*, not *Americon*, must keep clear even though she is the leeward boat. As I see it, *Americon* is on a tack and *Santorez* just going about. What say?

SEYMOUR PERLIN

Los Angeles

• Right. According to Helmsman Scott, *Americon* had just gone from the starboard to the port tack when the picture was snapped and Scott is backing under her stern to keep clear.—E.D.

SINCE WHEN

Says

Your article on bullfighting, comparing the distinct styles of the great Pico Camino and El Cordobes, makes many valid and important points I bring in my *Bullfight Is Not Jousting*, Aug. 11). However, on some points I cannot agree.

For example, Author Paul E. van Rossum says, "It only aficionados cast ballots, Pico Camino would be neglected forever now." This may have been true last year, but this season that honor belongs to another matador,

Santiago Martin, who is known as "El Viti." Of all active matadors today, El Viti is unquestionably the most elusive, serious and artistic in his style. Where Camino is very good with the capote and the muleta, El Viti is a master. While Camino usually kills very well, he is often erratic, running many good *faenas* by bad kills. El Viti, along with Jaime Osores, on the other hand, is the finest, cleanest killer of bulls today.

I have just returned from a summer in Spain, where I saw Camino, Viti, Murillo and others fight in Pamplona, and saw El Viti, Osores and El Cordobes fight in Valencia. As a rule, most *toreros* do not give their personal opinions about other matadors, but all of these *toreros* describe El Viti as the most classy *torero* in Spain today.

In 1961, I traveled throughout Spain and France in the *rodillos* of Antonio Ordoñez, probably the greatest bullfighter of our time. I also saw Pico Camino fight that year, and he was very good. But now, three years later, something has happened to Camino. As Mr. Ross writes, Camino seems lousy.

Of all the top matadors, the one who seems unafraid of showing up El Cordobes for what he really is—a very brave, exciting and crowd-pleasing fighter—is little Diego Puerta. When Pico Camino seems resigned to allow El Cordobes to triumph when the two fight together, Diego Puerta has shown the people and El Cordobes what good, Sevilla-style bullfighting is. Puerta is always as eager as the greenest *mojador* making his first fight in Madrid. While his style differs from the cold classicism of El Viti, Puerta is nevertheless another *torero* who tries all the time and usually shows his art in the arena.

El Cordobes' major achievement is in having revived worldwide interest in bullfighting, which was on the wane after the retirement of Ordoñez in 1962. He has given Spain a great tourist attraction, comparable to England's Beatles and our own *Cavitas* Clay. But anyone who knows anything at all about the bulls can see that he is relatively inept with the capote, and his *faenas* consist of a few high passes. Moreover, he fights *con pies juntos* (with his feet together). His style, therefore, is unattractive, unclassical and unemotional. He never changes the direction of the bull's charge and, therefore, does not tire the animal. Thus, when it comes time for the kill, the bull's head is not lowered as it should be at this point, with the result that it is very hard to kill correctly. When El Cordobes kills, going high up over the horns, he looks more like a fisherman casting his rod than a man performing the emotional, historical climax of an age-old art. And bullfighting is an art. I think Mr.

Ross should have titled his article "Since When Is Artistry in a Bullfight Not Enough?"

HEURDY EMMES

New York City

• Vicinundo Lyons, the son of Columnist Leonard Lyons, speaks for several correspondents who feel that this is the year of El Viti.—E.D.

BACKWARD BALL

Says

The Rev. Molo E. Ernsler wondered "whether land out the first baseball diamond" and "why he land it out backward," that is, counterclockwise (19th Hour, Aug. 17). As a student of baseball, I recently finished a paper on baseball in pre-Civil War America. While researching I found this statement, which I paraphrase from Preston D. Green's *Baseball from the Newspaper Accounts: 1840-1880*. The game first got the name "base-ball" in the *Boston Book of Sports*, published in New Haven in 1839. This book also contained the first counterclockwise rules. Previously bases were run in a clockwise direction.

Thus, it would seem the revolutionary idea Reverend Ernsler wishes to have revised linked over a century ago.

PHILIP F. HERRSH

Revere, Mass.

Says

Reverend Ernsler is most awarfully right when he says that his proposed rearrangement "would make a completely different game" out of baseball, and baseball could truly use some changing.

But the Reverend's proposed change is not what baseball needs and would, in fact, make a complete farce out of the game for one simple reason. As baseball now stands, the right-handed infielders (first baseman excluded) have a distinct advantage over their left-handed counterparts. (This is simply because a right-hander can throw more easily and quicker to his left than a left-hander can.) This advantage is so important, in fact, that all infielders in the majors are now, out of necessity, right-handers.

With the Reverend's "natural approach" the situation would reverse itself, and the right-handed infielders would be at a disadvantage—therefore necessitating the rapid development of a vast number of left-handed infielders. Obviously there would not be nearly as many players to choose from as before, and the quality of play by infielders would be greatly lowered. I'm sure the Reverend can see the sound reasoning that elim-

a continuation

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10TH HOLE

minates the possibility of any serious baseball league ever adopting his system, but I'm also sure that the Reverend's system could be an enjoyable variation on baseball for some nonserious teams to experiment with.

JACK MCCARTHY
River Vale, N.J.

WILL THE REAL TONY . . . ?

Sirs:

I would like to compliment Frank Deford for a fine article (*Nat Mark To Do But Eat, Sleep and Play Baseball*, Aug. 3) about the bright young Red Sox star Tony Conigliaro.

I thought you might be interested to know that here at the State University College, Oswego, N.Y., we have our own Tony C. That's right, Tony Conigliaro from Frankfurt, N.Y. Tony graduated this past June and will be teaching and coaching basketball in Whitesboro, N.Y. this year.

But Oswego State's Tony C. certainly will not be forgotten soon by local athletic boosters. Tony won three varsity letters in basketball and one in baseball. In three varsity seasons with the Lakers five, Tony tallied 822 points and capped his varsity career by being selected as the Most Valuable Player in the State Universities Conference tournament.

Hats off to the two guys named Tony C!

MIKE ROHRKE

Director of Sports Information

Oswego, N.Y.

WHEELER-DEALERS

Sirs:

The *for Sellout* (Aug. 24) refers to CBS as "mediocre show biz." And what do you call eight pages of kite-flying pictures (*The Kitesmokers*, Aug. 3) in a national sports magazine?

CHUCK NATHAN

New Bern, N.C.

Sirs:

A well-deserved round of applause for your positive and courageous stand on the CBS-Yankee wheeling and dealing.

GORDON C. HENNA

Leeds, Mass.

SALUTE

Sirs:

The August 10 issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* was perhaps your finest effort. The combination of versatility and top-notch coverage provided by the articles on golf, baseball, swimming, bullfighting, football and the Aga Khan must have thrilled millions of sports enthusiasts.

In addition, you avoided your most frequent pitfall, that of taking an idea and spurning nothing in its defense, regardless of fact. I salute you.

JAMES J. KAPLAN

Boston

80

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